The Nation.

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The Week.

President Roosevelt's letter dismissing William S. Leib, Assistant United States Treasurer at Philadelphia, is neither short nor sweet. On several occasions the President has paid his respects to delinquent officials—the gentlemen taken in the postal frauds and the cotton-report scandals—in no uncertain tone. The letter to Mr. Leib matches the best of these denunciatory epistles. Leib had all the political backing that anybody could want. Senators Penrose and Knox requested a special hearing for him, and Representative Patterson defended him. But no machine has commanded respect since November 7; and the Pennsylvania machine has been in such unusual disrepute that to throw a brick at it is everywhere commended as an act of special virtue. The ...est partisans will never dare to accuse the President of ignoring the claims of "the organization" and thus imperilling the nation. Leib is an old and hardened offender. The only thing to regret is that he was not beheaded earlier. In this regret the President himself shares. "If the case had at that time [some months ago] been called to my attention," says Mr. Roosevelt, "my belief is that I would have then requested your resignation."

Secretary Taft intimates that he expects Congress to investigate the Panama Commission. It would fail of its duty if it did not. The prima-facie evidence of waste, extravagance, and mismanagement is abundant. One result is pretty certain to be established—the folly of appropriating $10,000,000 to be expended in the discretion of any man. The temptation of such a sum available without a detailed estimate submitted to Congress is not unlike that of a huge life-insurance surplus: it makes people mad to get at it. Congressmen who have seen the salary list of the Panama Commission are amazed at it. It has something of the air of a royal civil list. Then there are many contracts and purchases made by the Commission into which Congress should feel it obligatory to look. Furthermore, the conditions on the Isthmus seem to call for scrutiny. The *Herald* printed on Friday the protests of American clergymen in Panama against the "monstrous iniquity" of the importation of hundreds of abandoned women, with the consent of the canal authorities; the object being to make the laborers "contented." And physicians on the spot are speaking out against the certain result of this kind of "sanitation." All told, an inquiry into the whole affair by a committee of Congress bids fair to be fruitful.

The system of control which Congress exercises over the Post-Office involves the appropriation of all the money needed for the entire establishment every year, and the subsequent return of the gross receipts to the Treasury. Thus, Mr. Cortelyou accompanies his request for $12,000,000 more money for next year with the prediction that he will be able to reduce the postal deficit from last year's figure of $14,572,584. He proposes to keep the clerical force practically at its present size, and has economized somewhat in the special facilities of railway transportation. Increase, of course, is regularly to be expected in the general lines of the department work, and rural free delivery is naturally growing at a rate much beyond that of the rest, but the natural end of this would seem to be a condition of equilibrium in which all parts of the country fare substantially alike, and growth keeps pace merely with the increase of population. That may be the time for going to the fundamentals of the postal-deficit problem. At present, the unprofitable departments of the service are growing so much faster than the income-producing ones that predictions as to anything but the immediate future are not to be trusted too much.

Apart from the merits of the case, Midshipman Meriwether's trial at Annapolis brings out some amazing facts about the student "code" at the Naval Academy. Under it, not only have there been a score or more of pugilistic fights, under the rules of the prize ring, but official duty, not to speak of the obligations of a gentleman, has been steadily disregarded. The Annapolis "code," in fact, has many of the absurd features of the duello. There is the same perverted sense of "honor," the same compulsion to fight, the same wild notions about what the fight establishes. Thus, it was testified that these brutal encounters often resulted in "handshaking" and a general withdrawal of insulting epithets. It was said that Meriwether, after calling Midshipman Branch a "sneak," a "coward," and "no gentleman," discovered after twenty rounds that he was one of the finest fellows on earth. This is too fantastic to be allowed in an Academy where men are supposed to be taught realities. Apart from the fatal result in this case, the whole system, as disclosed, with its semi-barbarous and obsolete standards of personal honor, clearly calls for instant reform, and by reform we mean abolition.

Joseph Ralph Burton, United States Senator from Kansas, is reported to be somewhat depressed, and not without reason, for he has a second time been convicted of exerting his official influence in behalf of an enterprise which was using the mails to defraud. The first conviction was set aside on the purely technical ground that the payment to Burton was made outside the jurisdiction of the trial court. Burton threatens to appeal again, and he may conceivably succeed in having this second verdict set aside. While he is waiting for the decision of the higher court, he will enjoy the seclusion of private life. "Though he is still a United States Senator," says his counsel, "he will not take his seat. I do not believe this would be proper or dignified, and Senator Burton does not think so either." We commend Burton's modesty to the attention of two New York statesmen.

Of a certain kind of strenuous life, Gov. Jeff Davis of Arkansas is a most admirable example. It is not his fault if he is not now the idol of every barroom, the hero of every prize-fighter and gutter ruffian. Monday's personal encounter in which he had his skull cracked by a pistol in the hands of ex-Congressman Dinsmore, was only his fifth fight within three years. He fought a draw with the Republican candidate for Governor in August, 1902; was knocked out by Judge Carroll D. Wood a year later; was prevented by friends from clinching with A. F. Vandeventer in October, 1903, and had another stand-up fight with Judge Wood in December, 1903. He was threatened with death by his Attorney-General in September of this year, but still survives to fight again—and, incidentally, to show the world how low a blackguard can become a Governor.

An experienced, not to say hardened, protectionist will only smile at the demand of the artists that they be no longer protected by the tariff on art. These gentlemen meet in convention in this city to declare that the tariff as it affects them is blind and behind the times; but what has that to do with the case? If proving our fiscal system both stupid and obsolete could have altered it, we should have seen it changed years ago. Protection does not object to hard names; call it what you like, provided you vote for the men who uphold it. Mr. Kenyon Cox asserted that the argument against the art duty is simply "unanswerable." We agree with him; so is the argument against a hundred

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other duties, but what good does that do? Protectionists will let you have all the logical triumphs you want if only they may remain in control of Congress and keep the schedules intact. The standpatters have no desire to get the better of the argument; all they wish is to have the better of the voting in committee and on the floor. The situation would be different if the artists had a political following, or were in the habit of making large campaign contributions. In that case they would be an "interest" to be taken care of; as it is, they are, from the point of view of the protectionists with a grip on Congress and the President, merely a lot of amiable enthusiasts whose protests and appeals can be disregarded with perfect safety. The truth is, the protectionists maintain that the moment an American citizen is allowed to buy a French painting without paying a tax on it, the schedules on imitation jewelry, steel rails, and pickled sheepskins will go toppling down; that notoriously the middle-class American regulates his expenditures for underwear, crockery, and garden hose solely with reference to the price he has paid for the oil paintings in his parlor. If that schedule is touched, all the others must go too.

It seems to have been expected by almost no one that the anti-cigarette laws passed by Indiana and Wisconsin last winter would ever be enforced. Yet the reports now coming from both those States indicate that neither one is being allowed to become a dead-letter. Whether this means that they are to remain permanently on the statute-book or will be repealed with alacrity, depends on the temper of the people. There is one point, however, in which such a law is to be distinguished from the prohibition of liquor. If a "blind pig" is accessible and properly supplied, a drinking man can imbibe there about as well as anywhere else. He is accustomed to resort to a special place for his potations. But the cigarette-smoker expects to indulge himself while going about his usual occupations. He has never expected to go to some retired place to smoke. Cigarette-smoking, in other words, ceases to be attractive if it must be clandestine, and therefore the law has, in this special aspect, a better chance of regulating it. And as the object of these laws was not to stop smoking in general, but this particular kind, every convert to the cigar or pipe is a living monument to the wisdom of the Western legislators. So, we may add, is the young Nebraskan fined $50 and costs recently for rolling, otherwise "manufacturing," a cigarette for his own use.

Boston is not so sure that her system of primary nominations is all that she thought it was. A fortnight ago the primaries for the selection of candidates for Mayor were held. Five men—two Democrats and three Republicans—had stumped the city, and roused more interest than has been shown in a municipal election since the late Mayor Collins put himself at the head of the Boston Democracy. Representative John F. Fitzgerald was the choice of the Democratic primaries, and Louis A. Frothingham of the Republican. But H. S. Dewey, one of the defeated Republican aspirants, became suspicious of the methods used by Mr. Frothingham's campaigners to secure a bare 300 plurality. A cry of fraud was set up and a recount demanded. The result was to cut Mr. Frothingham's plurality in half, and Mr. Dewey still insisted that he had been defeated by fraudulent votes, and announced that he would run as an independent candidate. Doubtless he is spurred on by Moran's success in winning election as District Attorney independently. But, to judge from the comments of the Boston newspapers, there is little likelihood of Judge Dewey's being hailed as a New England Jerome.

"Preserving the gold standard" is too good a phrase to be lost; we should incorporate it permanently in our political vocabulary. In 1896 the big insurance companies were paying $50,000 each to the Republican campaign fund in order to preserve the gold standard. In 1900 the standard still seemed to be in danger. In 1904, ordinary men ceased to have apprehensions; but the far-sighted presidents of our insurance companies continued to see the menace on the distant horizon, and cheerfully handed out the $50,000—taken, as usual, from the pockets of the policyholders. Nothing but the salvation of the country and the preservation of the gold standard, they assured us solemnly, could have induced them to contribute to a political party. They regarded State issues and local issues as beneath their notice. On November 21, however, Senator Thomas C. Platt testified in effect that he had a little gold standard of his own which he was preserving very industriously. He was not interested in the national but in the State, campaign; and yet the Equitable paid him $10,000 a year, and the Mutual often gave as much. President Richard A. McCurdy, by the way, who swore that the Mutual did not give to the State campaigns, was the man with whom Platt had dealings. Platt is not the only man who had a gold standard. The Equitable has carried on its payroll for twenty-three years an old Tammany politician, Thomas Coman, at a salary ranging from $2,000 to $6,000. His duty has been to preserve the gold standard of individual officers of the company, and he mentioned specifically Mr. Alexander, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Tarbell, and Mr. Jordan. He would keep these gentlemen on good terms with the city government and get their tax assessments reduced. For such eminent services to the country $6,000 a year from the money of the policyholders was a miserably small reward.

The testimony of Mr. George W. Perkins on Monday did not reveal him in an absolutely new light—it was of a piece with what had gone before; but it was astonishingly replete with evasions, shifts, doublings, reluctance to come to the point, hollow excuses, pretences, and finally the most damaging admissions. Here was an enormous fiduciary business managed in the spirit of a Bowery shop for second-hand clothing. Deceit and misrepresentation were the chief stock in trade. The public was bamboozled, the Superintendent of Insurance was hoodwinked, the policyholders were deceived and cheated. Accounts were doctored, minutes of important meetings were falsely kept, blackmailers were allowed to bleed the company at will, political contributions were made under lying entries in the books, and the whole vast system of irregularity and crookedness and graft covered with a thin veneer of the most disgusting hypocrisy. Mr. Perkins and his fellows have made themselves impossible. They have forfeited all respect, and must lose their trust positions. If any of the trustees of either the Mutual or the New York Life think that their business can be saved except by the most radical changes of personnel, they are living in a fool's paradise. Why, policyholders by the thousand are turning to Tom Lawson in preference to McCall or McCurdy or Perkins! That is only a hint of the desperate situation which requires desperate remedies. Public confidence can be restored only by dismissing the men who have destroyed it.

Mr. Tarbell's views in the matter of deferred-dividend policies are such as would naturally be expected from the head of a life-insurance company's agents. Mr. McCall, in his testimony of October 7 before the Armstrong committee, defended the "twenty-year policy," and expressed his objection to "straight life" annual dividends, on the ground, very largely, that to get good solicitors the company must pay good commissions, and that agents' commissions on a deferred-dividend policy are much larger than on ordinary life-insurance contracts. This argument would naturally appeal to an officer whose duty it is to "show results" in new insurance. Mr. Tarbell undertook, however, to set forth arguments in defence of the deferred-dividend principle itself. Briefly, his points are that such policies, maturing at a stated date, add to the safety of insurance by the large surplus funds accruing in the interim; that they pro-

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vide for the family when the policy matures; that they are cheap insurance, because no dividends so high can be paid on the annual basis; that they attract "good lives," because men not in good health would mistrust their chance of surviving to get the benefits of the "pool"; that they induce men to insure who would not insure if a "death risk" alone were the basis of their insurance; and that they do not lapse as "straight life" policies often do.

These arguments do not impress us. To say that withholding dividends for twenty years, and then paying them in a lump, adds to the safety of insurance, begs the whole question. If the funds reserved against such accruing dividends are calculated merely on the basis of safe insurance, then the company as a whole is protected neither better nor worse than it would have been without them. On the other hand, if the monstrous evils, extravagance, and corruption of which our great companies have been guilty, do not lie directly at the door of the abnormal surpluses thus accumulated, then the Armstrong committee's researches have been in vain. As to the second point, a "twenty-year policy" at least provides no better for a family than a savings-bank account maintained by similar payments during the same period; it is capable of proof, indeed, that its provision is far less adequate. That these policies, with their excessive charge for premiums and their exceedingly meagre return of accumulated dividends, are the cheapest form of insurance, we had not supposed even Mr. Tarbell would seriously contend. If allowance he made for those who lose all their dividends through death in the period prescribed, we take it to be the most extravagant form of insurance in the field. Mr. Tarbell's other arguments hardly call for answer. Our own view of the matter is summed up in the Frick report's conclusions, which we have quoted heretofore; we may add, with approval, the following remarks, addressed to the Insurance Commissioners' Convention last September by Insurance Commissioner McGivney:

> "The purpose of a mutual life-insurance company is not to have its members gambling on the misfortunes of its other members. The deferred-dividend plan is the medium of building up large surplus funds which are not required by law to earn any interest; it furnishes a ready means to make up losses from extravagance and waste, and is a temptation to the management for hazardous and risky speculation in the policyholders' funds."

"For ways that are dark," but for tricks that have not been vain, commend us to the insurance grafters. John A. Nichols received for some years $1,000 from each of the three great companies with which to stop the mighty pen of the "rantankerous friend" at Albany, W. S. Manning. But the latter swears he got of late only a miserable $300 annually as his "legal" retainer. Profit for Nichols, just $2,700 a year. As for the mighty McCalls and McCurdys and Alexanders, this leaves their boasted business ability in a sorry light. Any up-river graybeard with a sanctimonious air could stand them all up against a wall and make them hold up their hands while he extracted from their pockets just what he wanted. So easy was this game that it makes the trade of a blackmailing society editor seem like an elaborate business transaction. But the magnates knew their methods were crooked, and so they paid every one who came along to save themselves from exposure. Assemblymen, strikers of the Manning type, avaricious lawyers, United States Senators—all knew a good thing when they saw it, and worked their mine for all it was worth. What mattered it if the money was stolen from men and women who toiled and slaved and saved pennies to pay premiums?. The woods were full of them; the agents roped them in by the hundreds; surpluses piled up; the State Insurance Department connived willingly, no danger was in sight, and all went merrily. Is it any wonder that the McCalls and McCurdys have a sense of deep personal injury at the thought that their little paradise has been rudely invaded?

There will presumably be considerable manœuvring for position between the Liberals and the Tories before the impending dissolution and general election. If Parliament were in session, the King would no doubt send for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and ask him to form a Ministry. Then the budget would be passed and the appeal to the country made. But Sir Henry is too old a bird to be taken in the net which Mr. Balfour is now spreading before him—the suggestion, that is, that he form a Government in the dark, drift along till February, then suffer a vote of no confidence in the House and be compelled to dissolve. He will refuse, unquestionably, to fall in with the strategy of the Tories in that way. They must either do their own dissolving, or stagger on under a still heavier burden of discredit. Of the outcome of the general election, there can be no reasonable doubt. Chamberlain talks valiantly about "closing up the ranks" and getting rid of "blunt swords," but such advocacy of a snug little party all of one mind is folly in an appeal to a great electorate where, as Lord Hugh Cecil remarks, success is "a matter of nose-counting, and each free-fooder has his nose." The signs all point to a crushing defeat of the Chamberlain policy in the election of the new House. The argument has been strong against it; tradereturns still stronger. Chamberlain himself expects to be beaten in the first onset. His hope is that the Liberals will make a mess of it in office, and that, after a couple of years, his second chance will come. All this is in the lap of the gods; the only certain thing is that the great issue is soon to be put to the electoral test, and that, whoever may hereafter lead the Conservative party in whatever paths, we are now witnessing the passing of Arthur Balfour.

The executive committee of the Zemstvo Congress, in pledging its support to the Witte Cabinet, "so long as it follows the path for the accomplishment of the liberties promised by the manifesto," gives encouraging evidence that Russia has advanced far on the road to liberalism. The force of events, which is daily converting conservative leaders and journalists into adherents of the new régime, is not lost upon Witte himself. He appears sincerely intent upon gathering around him men who enjoy the confidence of the Liberals. Only four years ago, there appeared in Stuttgart a secret memorandum (in Russian) by Witte, then Minister of Finance, on "Autocracy and the Zemstvo," in which he attempted to prove that, "under an absolutist government, the labor of the social forces is incomparably more productive to the country and the people at large than it can be under a parliamentary Government." To-day, as the Premier of a Liberal Ministry, he promises universal suffrage and the widest possible concessions to the toiling masses throughout the land. His conversion is evidently accepted as genuine by a majority of the zemstvo leaders, though the Moderates—"Octobrists," as they significantly call themselves—declare that Russia is not ripe for a constituent assembly.

Among the men who enjoy alike the confidence of Count Witte and the zemstvoists there are not a few eminent names. Prince Urusoff, Witte's first choice for Minister of the Interior, a prominent Liberal, was formerly Governor of Tver, but resigned under the Plehve administration. Prince Eugene Trubetzkoi of the University of Kiev is now one of Witte's trusted advisers. Prince Volkonsky, M. Stchepkin, and Prince Paul Dolgoruff, long identified with the reform movement, are wielding great influence in the Congress; and even M. Petrunkevitch, the president of the Moscow Agricultural Society, a former exile in Siberia and a Radical leader, declares the restoration of order to be the first duty of the hour. But probably the most difficult problem that confronts Witte lies in the vacillation of the Czar, which is certainly, in this seething time, more excusable than ever.

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"SOLICITOUS ABOUT NEW YORK."

If the President, and every other Republican with a shred of decency, were not, as Mr. Roosevelt writes that he is, "very solicitous about the political conditions in New York," they would be both stupid and callous. Apparently, the President had in mind only the sordid quarrel between Odell and Platt. But last week's testimony by the latter unreverend corruptionist, before the insurance inquiry, carries us far beyond that. We have now a full revelation of the way in which the Republican party in New York has been for years a political bawd, selling itself for money. Corruption has been its daily bread. It has lived upon dishonesty, thriven upon blackmail, and grown great on bribery. We now see that its Legislatures have been made up of men hired to do dirty work, its Governors more or less consciously the tools of thieves, and its United States Senators common carriers of rottenness. Senator Platt frankly took off the manhole cover and showed us his party sitting in the sewage.

Republicans, from the President down, must feel disgraced as well as astonished by Platt's cynical admission that the party has lived in this State by bleeding corporations and robbing widows and orphans. But what is to be done about it? Restitution, we suppose, cannot now be made, but the promoters and beneficiaries of the shameless corruption can be whipped from public life as they already are expelled from the society of decent men. We for our part can see nothing for it but at once to call upon Platt and Depew to resign their offices. They have brought disgrace on the State; the people of the State should demand that they no longer flaunt their infamy in the Senate. Even in that body their presence would hereafter be regarded as infectious; even its indicted or convicted members would say that their punishment was greater than they could bear if they were held to have sunk so low as Platt and Depew. With those two spokesmen in the Senate, New York is not only misrepresented, but made a hissing. Neither of them can show himself in his seat without having every finger in the galleries pointing to the outward sign of New York's deep disgrace. The unbought and self-respecting press of the State should take this up immediately. Honest citizens should lift up their voices. Petitions should be sent to the Legislature. Gov. Higgins should be addressed; does he not care that New York is made a by-word and a reproach by its two United States Senators caught in the political stews? Platt and Depew must go. Their co-parceners in corruption—the insurance officials—are being driven out; so must they be. It will not do to fall back and leave it to nature soon to snuff out the flickering flame; indignant New Yorkers must see to it that its last ghastly light is not made to reflect upon the fair fame of the State.

President Roosevelt has an imperative duty laid upon him. One striking way to show his disgust with Platt's confessed villany is to break with him openly now. The hoary blackmailer and trafficker in legislation ought never to be seen in the White House again. If he will not resign, and has business to transact, the President ought to compel him to do it by letter or messenger. The hand of Theodore Roosevelt should never again be laid in that of Thomas Platt. Here is a real chance for ostracism—social and political—and the President will be on the defensive if he does not apply it to Platt. Nor can Mr. Roosevelt or his friends allege that this corruption does not touch his white garments. That, indeed, may be alleged of the trust funds obtained last year to elect him President. But how about 1898, when he was elected Governor? That was a close-fought campaign. Mr. Roosevelt's plurality was narrow. Yet in that year Platt was boss, he was collecting his $10,000 from the Equitable, his $10,000 or whatever it was from the Mutual, and (as the *Tribune* has asserted, defying Platt to sue it for libel) blackmailing corporations promiscuously. Mr. Roosevelt, moreover, went to consult Platt about the conduct of the campaign. He startled his best friends by recognizing the boss as rightful leader; so that a peculiar obligation rests upon him to clear his own skirts, and to come to the rescue of his own State, by aiding or leading in every movement to rid public life of the Platt poison.

It is not strange that Platt's habitual defenders and lauders are struck dumb. All the old talk about his "wonderful sagacity" and "unsurpassed management" and "extraordinary power of attaching to himself devoted followers," is now put in its right place. It always was absurd to the eye of reason, and now the dullest can see it to be so. Platt a statesman, a leader! He is simply a "striker," a blackmailer, a purchaser of votes, a seller of nominations and of legislation; carrying the bag, he has carried the party in it. Paymaster-General of the forces of corruption, he has held himself in power by precisely the same means as Croker. And how foolish, in the light of his own confessions, appears the common remark: "Well, at any rate, none of the money which Platt handled stuck to his own fingers." How can that be known? He has had millions given to him, and he himself states that he has kept no accounts. He could do with the money what he pleased. There were no tell-tale checks; it was, as he testified, cash by special messenger. From the insurance companies alone he appears to have had more than $500,000 in the last twenty years.

Well, we cannot stand about holding our noses. We must fall to disinfecting. Here is a work of sanitation before the President greater and more urgent than anything which confronts him at Panama. And the first step should be to retire Platt, Depew, and Odell, so that they will no longer be in control of the corrupt management of the Republican party, both receiving and giving infection.

A LITTLE INSURANCE HISTORY.

The reappearance of the name of David B. Hill in connection with life-insurance affairs recalls an incident which took place while he was Governor of New York. In the year 1880 the State Legislature passed a law to tax life-insurance companies. It imposed a tax of one per cent. per annum on the gross amount of the premiums, interest, or other income (except from rents), received by such companies of this State from persons residing in this State, or from investments represented by, or based upon, property situated in this State. This act was chapter 534 of the Laws of 1880.

The companies paid the tax until somebody discovered that it might be unconstitutional. The State Constitution provided that every law imposing a tax should state the object to which it was to be applied. The law of 1880 did not do so. The amount received from the tax had passed into the Treasury and had been appropriated to the general expenses of the State. The companies thereupon ceased paying until the arrears amounted to $1,000,000 or thereabouts. Meanwhile, the Legislature had passed another tax law without any mention of the object to which the revenue should be applied. This was the collateral-inheritance law. Under this act a case arose in the courts almost immediately which was destined to settle the dispute. Mrs. Mary McPherson died, leaving a will containing bequests to other persons than her direct heirs. The taxing authorities demanded the portion due to the State, which the executors refused to pay, on the ground that the law fixing the tax was unconstitutional, since it did not state the object to which it was to be applied. It was at once perceived that the decision in the McPherson case would cover the question raised by the life-insurance companies. Accordingly, its progress was watched with great and growing interest, and it came to pass that before it reached the Court of Appeals a dozen or more of the ablest lawyers in the State ranged themselves on the side of the McPherson heirs. The fees of these lawyers, if charged at the usual rates, would have swallowed up the estate in controversy several times over, and the natural inference was that the life-insurance companies were fighting the battle of the McPherson heirs.

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The case was decided in favor of the State in February, 1887, without a dissenting voice. The court held that the provision in the Constitution which required that every law imposing a tax should state its object, applied to the annual recurring taxes known at the time of the adoption of the Constitution (1846), *i. e.*, the general property tax, but did not apply to the special taxes subsequently devised and enacted. It was absurd to suppose that the State could not reach new sources of revenue without specifying in each instance how it should be apportioned among the several objects of public expenditure. This case is known as "the matter of McPherson" (104 N. Y. 306). When the decision was announced, it was generally assumed that the delinquent companies would pay the back taxes due to the State, but no such thing happened. A bill was forthwith introduced in the Legislature, then Republican in both branches, not only to release them from the arrears, but to repeal the law of 1880 altogether, and this movement gained such headway that the State Comptroller (Hon. Alfred C. Chapin), in order to save this source of revenue for the future, proposed a compromise, relinquishing one-half of the arrears and keeping the law of 1880 in force. Charges of bribery and corruption began to reach the newspapers from their Albany correspondents, and these rumors worried the supporters of the bill not a little, but did not stop the measure. Comptroller Chapin's bill was voted down and the repealing bill was passed by both branches. It is chapter 699 of the Laws of 1887.

Undoubtedly some votes were cast for it honestly; some men voted for it then who would not do so in the light of recent revelations. Senator Fassett, for example, supported it on the ground that the money released by the State would, in the case of the three leading companies (the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life), enure to the benefit of the policyholders, who ought not to be taxed. The possibility that the State might lose the money, and the policyholders lose it also, had not presented itself to the Senatorial mind. Moreover, the superstition that policyholders ought not to bear any part of the burden of government was stronger then than it was in 1880, or than it is now. Making all possible allowance, however, for the simplicity of legislators who voted to these rich companies a million dollars actually due to the State Treasury, and many other millions to become due, there can be no doubt that this bill was "handled" by such characters as "Judge" Hamilton and "Al" Fields, backed by the use of money.

The bill passed the Senate on the 19th of May, and went immediately to Governor Hill, who took a long time to consider it. Not until the 25th of June did he make up his mind what to do. Meanwhile, the Legislature had adjourned. If he should simply withhold his signature, the bill would be dead, and the Comptroller would forthwith collect the back taxes. The companies must have been very much in the same state of mind as the Mercantile Trust Company was last year, with the Ambler bill hanging as a sword of Damocles over its head. But the Governor made up his mind at last that it was a good bill and ought to pass. So he signed it. And now we learn that in 1895, while he was a Senator of the United States, Mr. Hill received from the Equitable Life an offer of a retainer, which he accepted with thanks, saying that it came very "handy" at that time.

FOOTBALL REFORM BY ABOLITION.

Never before has a football season ended amid such a well-nigh universal chorus of denunciation of the game, or with such a record of fatalities. At last our college presidents have found their voices; some of them at least have got beyond the fear of losing students by attacking what has become an intolerable evil, and are ready to follow President Eliot's lead in demanding a change. Thus, President Wheeler of the University of California declares that the game "must be made over or go"; President Hopkins of Williams feels that the game is doomed unless it can be radically altered; President Schurman thinks it time for the college presidents to act; and Chancellor MacCracken has asked President Eliot to call a conference of the heads of our educational institutions. But the best utterance of all is that of Prof. Shailer Mathews, dean of the Divinity School of Chicago University, who thus states the truth:

> "Football to-day is a social obsession—a boy-killing, education-prostituting, gladiatorial sport. It teaches virility and courage, but so does war. I do not know what should take its place, but the new game should not require the services of a physician, the maintenance of a hospital, and the celebration of funerals."

There is danger, however, that, in the multiplicity of denunciation and of plans for reform, the true nature of the evil may be lost sight of. For instance, the proposed changes in the eligibility rules, to guard against professionalism, suggested by the repentant sinners of the University of Pennsylvania, are likely only to distract attention from the main issue, even if their inspiration is from within the White House. The question of injuries and deaths, too, serious as it is, has become now of smaller importance—merely incidental. It is, of course, most gratifying to read such straight talk as has come from Dr. F. R. Oastler, in charge of the Columbia squad. Most surgeons of athletic teams have been content to drug and stimulate the players, to patch them up so that they may enter the fray again, even at the risk of their lives. This physician has had enough of silence, and demands the abolition of the game. "I have been," he says, "surgeon of the Columbia team for six years, and I think it is the most brutal exhibition I have ever seen or heard of to call a sport. The players go on the field expecting to be hurt, and are glad if they come off with nothing worse than a broken bone."

The real question before the public to-day is whether it is worth while to attempt to modify the game, or whether it should not be abolished forthwith. For twenty years modern football has been on trial in one form or another, and it has gone steadily from bad to worse. It has been shown beyond dispute in these columns, as well as in the pages of *McClure's Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Public Opinion*, and in newspapers all over the country, that the following evils have come in the train of football: (1) the introduction of paid athletes and bogus students, such as teamsters and ex-prizefighters; (2) the demoralization of the secondary schools by the recruiting sergeants of the universities; (3) the use of unfair and immoral methods to win games; (4) the steady increase in the gambling and betting features of intercollegiate contests; (5) the ever-growing danger of injuries from mass plays; (6) the demoralization of the student body by false standards of what is honorable and dishonorable in athletics, and the utterly disproportionate emphasis placed upon athletics as opposed to mental training. This indictment itself would seem to be enough to make the end of the game inevitable. But there are still other facts to be recorded. College presidents and faculties have everywhere been terrorized by student opinion. "The boys have wanted the game," and desired to win at any price. Hence the college authorities have abdicated their proper functions, always trembling lest a radical stand decrease the enrolment and drive students to a rival institution where teams, mayhap, have won three or four years out of five. Even at Harvard there are timid souls who ask whether this year's decreased attendance is not perhaps due to President Eliot's hostility to football. At any rate, the loss of students seems to them to make this time "inopportune" for the greatest American university to win fresh prestige by uprooting this athletic evil.

Professor Mathews is right. Football has become a "social obsession," from which education has suffered terribly. We hear of instance after instance in which preparatory-school pupils are forced to play by their teachers, often against their own and their parents' wishes, and under penalty of ostracism. In Harvard it is notorious that football has now become the best and easiest way to enter the undergraduate socie-

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ties. Your "grind" may rank as high as he pleases in his studies; it is the fellow who has broken an arm in a scrimmage who has the plaudits and the admiration of his mates, and before whom the doors of the chapter houses swing open as if by magic. To say that this obsession can be cured by ignoring the fatuous rules committee, and deciding whether there shall or shall not be "offside interference or mass plays," is like turning a hose on the roof of a building when the first floor is in flames. Football has become not merely intolerable in itself, but a grave menace to American scholastic ideals and development. As such it should go forthwith. There is no time like the present in which to right this wrong. A few schools and small colleges have abolished football, but its death-blow must come from such an institution as Harvard or Columbia. There should be no lack of rivalry for the honor, and no time wasted in considering how the game can be "radically altered" or "made over."

"FUNDAMENTALS" IN COLLEGE.

The Harvard Overseers' Committee on Reports and Resolutions, Charles Francis Adams, chairman, has recently propounded a question which should set college men to thinking. The committee asks whether, "under conditions exacting some measure of retrenchment," it is better "to impair the efficiency of the fundamental courses of instruction, pursued by large numbers of students, or to effect the necessary economies by reducing the number of special courses." The committee had before it the needs of the English department. According to a report made to the Overseers by the Committee on English Literature, the allowance for this department was cut $9,800 in 1904-05. "The practical result of this economy," says the committee, "has been the reduction in the number of courses provided, and a curtailment in the force of assistants requisite for proper supervision of the men in the large courses." The Committee on English supports its case by particulars, and concludes that "the department is at present undermanned, to the detriment of the students in the large courses and of the progress of the Graduate School."

Mr. Adams's committee, accepting the statements in this report on the English department, directly raises the issue as to the educational policy involved. The English courses are "elementary and fundamental," "attended by no less than 2,131 students," while there are many special courses attended by but few students or even by single students.

"Referring to the experience and policy of Yale, under similar circumstances, it has been stated that, of a total number of 181 courses, it was there found that 70 were taken by fewer than ten students each; 36 by fewer than five; 8 by fewer than three; and 11 by a single student each only. Under these circumstances, the total number of courses in the Yale programme was, as a measure of necessary retrenchment, reduced from 263 to 249, and of the 249 remaining courses it was stated that 'between 50 and 60 would be cut out unless a sufficient number of students elected them to make it worth while giving them.'"

Other colleges, we may add, have, in periods of stress, been forced to make cuts quite as vital. Mr. Adams's committee does not undertake to answer the question which it brings forward.

Were a college a factory, Mr. Adams could not hesitate to reply in seven words, "Cut along the line of least resistance." But a college, though its business needs the most skilful management, is not a commercial enterprise. For example, the head of a factory or a store must think twice before incurring a deficit; the president of a college must think twice before not incurring one—for the administration which always keeps within its income will stand still. President Eliot's deliberate plan, if we may judge by appearances, has been to press steadily a little beyond immediate income. Thus he has been able to show conclusively that more money can be profitably spent by Harvard, and make an irresistible plea for it. Had he always crept along cautiously, never taking chances, Harvard would now be where it was two decades ago. Occasionally his advance has been slightly retarded by successive deficits; but in general he has led the way, and the friends of Harvard have responded to his call.

A similar principle must be applied to the solution of the problem which Mr. Adams outlines: If a college cannot afford terrapin—to borrow the happy phrase of an insurance officer—must it forthwith restrict its diet to tripe? No college can permanently cripple the large "stock" courses. In the long run, these must be creditably maintained whatever else is lopped off. But that is not to say that temporary crippling is not now and then justifiable. One of Harvard's sources of strength, for example, is the group of advanced courses, attended by but few students, which perhaps no other institution is prepared to offer. These cannot be supported indefinitely at the expense of the large courses; but for terms of two or three years Harvard might suffer less in prestige and that leadership which is its glory, might contribute more to the cause of education, by carrying on certain special courses for the few till money is found to man them. There can be no hard-and-fast rule. College authorities must weigh the value of the large courses to be sacrificed for the moment, and of the small ones to be saved, and must settle the individual case on its merits.

The effect on the teaching force must also be taken into account. The instructor's mind becomes deadened by repetition year after year of the elementary and fundamental courses. He must have an opportunity for expansion and refreshment in the small advanced courses, devoted perhaps to research. One reason why teachers in secondary schools tend to mental atrophy is that they are steadily held down to tripe, with seldom even a sniff of terrapin. This view is forcibly presented by President J. G. Schurman of Cornell in his last annual report just from the press. "No man," he says, "can do valuable original reflection if he is always wearied with lectures and teaching." President Schurman would therefore make provision "for reducing the time demanded for the instruction of students from professors who are exceptionally qualified for and devoted to the work of original investigation." This change, as President Schurman notes, no less an authority than Lord Kelvin declared to be the most imperative called for in our American university system. Thus, in economizing there must be considered the possibility of impairing the efficiency not merely of the fundamental courses, but of the teachers themselves. In short, the abilities and the temperament of individual instructors must be seriously regarded in formulating the scheme of retrenchment.

JAMES DAVIE BUTLER.

There passed away in Madison, Wisconsin, on November 20, the "first citizen" of that university town, known and beloved of all, and whose home was thronged on every succeeding birthday; who attained his ninetieth year on the 15th of last March, and, being chaplain of the Senate, was honored by that body with roses and the spreading of his response upon the minutes. Dr. Butler was then entering on the twenty-fourth year of his connection, as a literary contributor, with the *Nation*.

"To-morrow," he wrote to us on November 14, 1904, "closes the second third of my ninetieth year. The third third of it has been the end-all of two of my longæval male kindred; and how can my span outrun theirs? Yet my joy in *existence* is like the *gaudia certaminis*, while study in all lines rouses in me a higher joy than existence can ever yield. Thanks to being near-sighted, I have never used or needed in reading or writing to 'succor old age or any age with subsidiary sight.'

"In politics, always a Mugwump, I sit here a central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation, Vilas and Spooner—both neighbors of mine! I live half-way between each, and no more than a block from either, and recall my Ægean sail between Athos and Ida, each in plain sight, and that with a pilot who, as a boy, had been 'prentice to his father at Navarino—which was long after I began to promote Greek Independence in my own person."

In truth he was just six years old when the Greek Revolution broke out and fired the sympathetic imagination of this country, prompting Dr. S. G. Howe to join Byron. "As a boy of seven," wrote Dr. Butler at eighty-five, "I was arrayed in a specimen Greek dress, and sent to every house in Rutland [Vermont, his birthplace], to

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call the women together and make garments for the naked children of the Sciots"—consequent upon the Turkish island massacre in the spring of 1822. There was a prophecy in this, for, after graduating at Middlebury College and taking the theological course at Andover, and filling Congregational pastorates in his native State and in Massachusetts, he became professor of Greek at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana, from 1854 to 1857, when he was drawn to Madison, and from 1858 to 1867 occupied the corresponding chair at the Wisconsin University. His first European tour was made in 1842-3; and as he returned poor, he took to lecturing, dispensing widely the fruit of his observations as a traveller, with few rivals in the field. He never lost his roving disposition. He celebrated his fifty-third birthday by climbing Mt. Tabor, in Palestine; the next year, 1869, we find him scaling the Yellowstone Park with John Muir, his quondam pupil. At seventy-five he made the circuit of the globe alone, and in 1890-1 was writing letters to this journal from the Inland Sea of Japan and from Fatehpur, India.

Always Dr. Butler returned joyfully to his study and to the freedom of the Wisconsin State Historical Society's Library, his daily mile-end walk up to his ninetieth year. He was for upwards of thirty years the Society's curator. He had been admitted a member of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass., in April, 1854, and a more genuine or catholic antiquarian has never been gathered into that company. He made some noticeable, published researches into portraits of Columbus; he published 'Hapax Legomena, or Words used once for all by Shakspere'; he discussed the census, the rainfall in Wisconsin, Washington's tutor, Raphael's Hours, reindeer in Alaska. All that pertained to the Northwest and its early settlement interested him, and he flung himself with ardor into the Lewis and Clark revival initiated by the late Dr. Elliott Coues. He was a prominent figure in the movement to secure Sergeant Floyd's grave from the remorseless tooth of the Missouri, and to erect the present monument. His publication in the *Nation*, in 1893, of the prospectus of Frazier's Journal led to the reprint of Gass's rare Journal of 1811 and the finding of Floyd's and Whitehouse's, now available to all students.

In brief, Dr. Butler might be described as a *Notes and Queries* man *par sang*. Above all, however, his passion was for words. On February 12, 1904, he wrote to us:

"N. E. D. [New English or Oxford] Dictionary has intensified my interest in linguistic in all lines, and I watch for each new section more than they who watch for the morning. It has helped me to live long, and will help me to live longer. It must illuminate, or at least give glow-worm glimpses of, the dark backward and abysm of time."

His saturation with the language of Scripture, of Shakspere, and of the Greek authors oozed up in his writings, giving a characteristic quaintness to his style; sometimes, no doubt, too redundantly. He began to write for the *Nation* towards the close of 1881, significantly with a Note on the fifth volume of the Catalogue of the Wisconsin Society's Library; and the Note was his favorite, though not exclusive, vehicle for nearly a quarter of a century. He both volunteered his contributions and accepted or bespoke books for review, the very last of these being 'Coryat's Crudities.' His review of that work was unique in the *Nation's* annals, as having been the product of a full nonagenarian. He was in general as prompt and as much to be depended on as the average contributor, but on this occasion he offered an apology. In his still bold hand he wrote—for the last time but one—under date of July 7, 1905:

"It was my purpose to dispatch this article as soon as my last had been published, if not even sooner. Nor would I have failed to do so but for a complication of clogs such as never before have fettered my activity. The chief of these were age and weakness, both used by doctors and daughters for hemming me in on every side.

"Further delay could not much modify my view, which, though novel, I hold to be the most credible—as well as creditable.

"It has not been my custom to quote paragraphs from the books I review, and those that now appear needful have been cut short. A paragraph on the *words* we owe to C., and the grounds of his coinage, looked desirable; but as to that and several others I felt silence imperative.

"Instead of my old saying, Add, subtract, multiply, etc., I will adopt C.'s *Excarnificate!*

"Regardfully,

"JAMES D. BUTLER."

Dr. Butler was of slight and wiry build, below the middle height, quick and active in his motions. In his New England stock was woven a Huguenot strain which might stand for vivacity and *élan*. His disposition was genial and kindly. Never had his circumstances been pinching, and both in body and in mind he enjoyed extraordinary freedom to explore the universe. In July, as above intimated, his first physical failing began. The decline was attended with a minimum of suffering, and his mind remained clear until a few days before his departure. He furnished an inspiring example of enduring mental fibre, sustained by contact with the world and by a boundless thirst for knowledge. We part with him with regret, a loyal and unfailing friend, an assistant *sui generis*.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

DUBLIN, November 12, 1905.

During the last six months, under the rule of Chief Secretary Long, there has been a return to the system of administrative worrying, petty persecutions, and prosecutions of Nationalists for alleged offences or breaches of laws supposed to be, or that had been in effect, obsolete. Under Chief Secretary Wyndham there had been a cessation of what is generally and vaguely known as "coercion." Professed sympathy with popular demands, profuse though unfulfilled promises, abstinence from irritating administration, helped to get the last Land Act passed with but little opposition and with insufficient criticism in Parliament from the Irish party. The effect of the Act has been to increase by nearly 50 per cent. the prices paid by tenants purchasing their farms; and, this object having been attained, the policy of conciliation ceased.

The Gaelic League is a widely spread and powerful organization, with hundreds of branches. It is non-political, but there is no doubt that it tends to foster and increase the spirit of Nationality. Numbers of towns and villages hold an annual "feish," or Gaelic festival. Irish singing, dancing, recitations, history, composition, plays, and games constitute the programmes at these festivals. The objects of the League are the fostering and preservation of the Irish spoken language, the study of Irish history and literature. In compliance with a generally expressed desire, and some political pressure, the Government a few years ago sanctioned the allocation of part of the educational grant to the teaching of Irish in primary schools as an extra subject and under very stringent limitations. This grant has now been withdrawn, nominally by the Education Commissioners, but actually by direction of the English Treasury. Consequently, the Gaelic League is in arms against British administration.

Contemporaneously there is a renewal of prosecutions for the technical breach of a law that requires the name of the owner to be affixed to all vehicles in legible letters. Fine and imprisonment for their non-payment have been inflicted for the offence in several Irish-speaking districts of having the owner's name on his cart in Gaelic letters. These cases are usually tried at Petty Sessions, where the presiding magistrate is a paid official holding office at will of the Government, his colleagues being of the local "gentry" class. The prosecutions are initiated by the police, presumably by the direction or with the approval of Dublin Castle. The practice hitherto has been to convict and fine as a matter of course, but recently a Mayo bench of magistrates, in a district where three-quarters of the people are Irish-speaking and Gaelic Leaguers, allowed common sense to prevail and dismissed the case brought before them. Notwithstanding this, the police prosecuted the same man in the following week, with the same result. A dismissal in a similar case was given in Galway; but in County Roscommon an offender fined the nominal sum of one shilling went to jail for three days sooner than pay it. In Wexford, for an unpaid fine of four shillings and sixpence for a like offence, the police seized the criminal's goods in the shape of books, but, as the proceeds of the sale amounted to only one shilling, another seizure will be made. In Dublin a merchant and Alderman named Cole was prosecuted for having his name on his carts in Gaelic letters. His goods were seized for non-payment, and the fine realized. Alderman Cole then substituted Roman for Gaelic letters, but retained the Gaelic spelling, "McCumhaill." Another prosecution was instituted before the Chief Magistrate of the Dublin Police Court, a skilled lawyer holding a practically independent office. He characterized the proceeding as "monstrous," "stupid," and "most irritating." The police prosecutors claimed that Alderman Cole had trangressed statutes passed in 1366 and 1465 which required the inhabitants of Ireland to "leave off entirely the manner of naming used by the Irish," and that every Irishman should take an English surname of a town, or color, or art, science, or office. The magistrate convicted and imposed a fine of ten shillings. Instead of deterring, these prosecutions tend to stimulate the Gaelic League to increased activity and to convert it into a political and anti-English organization. A prominent Gaelic Leaguer has just been sent to jail for five days in default of paying a fine of sixpence for refusing to take

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out a dog license unless his Gaelic signature was accepted.

Other State prosecutions have been for the dissemination of anti-enlistment literature. The would-be victims of the Crown were youths who distributed leaflets and placards appealing to Irishmen not to enlist in army, navy, or police. The same sentiments have been over and over again expressed in newspapers, speeches, ballads, and often in sermons. On the occasion of the King's taking the coronation oath, which describes the Catholic religion as idolatrous, the Catholic Archbishop made a public appeal in the newspapers to Irishmen not to join the army and navy. "The Saxon Shilling" is a well-known and popular ballad. Similar sentiments find expression in England through the Quaker body, the Peace Society, radical newspapers, and in countless books with a wide circulation. Even if the authors of the leaflets had been known, it is unlikely that they could have been made amenable. However, the youths who posted these placards were duly committed for trial at the instance of the Crown, and were acquitted of publishing seditious libels by Belfast and Dublin juries; the only result of these State trials being the wider publication in the press of these "seditious libels."

These Government prosecutions cost a great deal, and the expenditure is charged on Irish revenue. Crown lawyers get very large fees, and no expense is spared to secure convictions. The Corporation of Dublin, which has to pay for, but has no control over, the metropolitan police, has asked that the expenditure of the police tax shall be audited and published as their other accounts are. It appears that within fifty years the amount charged by Government for the police has increased from $360,000 to $814,000, while the numerical increase of the force has been only thirty-eight men. The answer of the Government to the objection of the Corporation was an order by the Lord Lieutenant directing the sum claimed by the Corporation to be deducted from the payments made by the English Treasury to the local taxation account. Under the prevalent financial system, certain grants are made by the Treasury in aid of local taxation to the four divisions of the United Kingdom, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Any refusal to levy or apply local rates in the way prescribed by Parliament can be met by a withdrawal of these grants. This has been done in Wales, where the local councils refused to levy part of the education rate over the expenditure of which they had not adequate control. However, the protest of the Dublin Corporation, and its very reasonable demand for an audit of the police accounts, may be made effective by the Irish party in Parliament.

The unending land war is the occasion of many State prosecutions under the Coercion acts. Some recent cases illustrate the condition of affairs. Slattery, an old man, held a plot of land in Mayo under a lease for sixty years, granted by the father of the present landlord, who, alleging that his father had not power to give such a lease, succeeded in setting it aside, after putting Slattery, who had been in possession for thirty-nine years, to ruinous cost. Slattery was evicted, his sick wife being taken out of bed and left on the roadside; he had offered as a compromise to give up one-third of the farm and to pay the entire rent for the house and remainder of the land. An open-air meeting was held to express indignation, and appeal to the landlord to show mercy to the old couple, who, deprived of their home, had no refuge but the workhouse. The meeting was attended by police note-takers. John O'Donnell, member of Parliament for the district, spoke, saying that the landlord should seriously consider before refusing Slattery's offer, for no one would take the evicted farm, and the tenant would ultimately be reinstated. It should be noted that there is a special provision in the Land Act enabling the Land Commission to reinstate evicted tenants and make grants of money for rebuilding their houses. Slattery retook possession of his farm, and might have been prosecuted by the landlord under the ordinary law for trespass; but O'Donnell was prosecuted under the Coercion acts for making a speech calculated to cause social disorder, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. Slattery died, and a collection is now being made for the support of his wife.

In another part of Mayo a tenant owing £4 17s. of rent was evicted. The landlord's son and agent admitted that the rent had been punctually paid as long as he could remember. One Paden took the evicted farm. At a meeting held to denounce the eviction, two members of Parliament, J. O'Dowd and Conor O'Kelly, and a local magistrate named Mills, recommended that Paden should be boycotted; but they appealed to him in the interests of peace and good feeling to give up the farm. He consented to do so on payment of £26, which he claimed to have laid out on the farm. This was agreed to, but, before payment was made, the police charged Messrs. O'Dowd, O'Kelly and Mills before two "removable" magistrates with inciting to boycotting, and they will be tried under the Coercion acts at the next Assizes before a specially selected jury.

I will give one more example from the same county: Two small farmers, McAndrew and McHugh, were evicted on the same estate. McHugh's rent had been raised by the landlord from £4 to £14, and afterwards fixed at £9 by the Land Commission. After eviction, like a hunted rabbit, McHugh, a feeble old man, crept back into the house he had built. He was put in the dock, charged that "with force and arms and a strong hand, he had unlawfully interfered with the landlord's property." He and his wife were sent to jail, and the landlord had demolished the house, to prevent the family seeking shelter there again. McAndrew was sent to prison for a like offence. He is seventy-two years old, and, till a year or two ago, when he became crippled with rheumatism, he went year by year to England, earned the rack rent, and remitted it punctually to the landlord.

An example from a different sphere may be given of the tendency of the anti-popular minority to look for the aid of the Government to suppress exhibitions of popular feeling and to magnify trivial expressions of discontent into the crimes of sedition and disloyalty. The Royal University is an examining body with power to grant degrees to persons, both men and women, who qualify at the University examinations. There are no resident students. At the ceremony of conferring degrees, a number of students prevented the playing of "God Save the King." The Chancellor of the University, Lord Meath, a pompous philanthropist, convened the Senate and enjoined them to take steps for the discovery and punishment of the offenders. He intimated that Parliament would withhold its vote of £20,000 a year if such disloyalty went unpunished. This was a most unwarrantable and misleading suggestion, as the funds for the University are not voted by Parliament, but are derived from the funds of the disestablished Episcopalian Church. Parliament has nothing to do with giving or withholding the grant. The students replied by a manifesto published over their names, avowing their participation in the concerted demonstration, and stating that their protest was directed not against the King, but against the King's present Government, whose prime minister has several times publicly acknowledged the educational injustice under which Catholic students in Ireland labor, but has done nothing to redress it. The students further pointed out that the Senate possessed no disciplinary powers over them; that its functions were limited by its charter to holding examinations and conferring degrees upon those who qualified.

The Senate met, having summoned a few of the recognized offenders to attend. The students held a meeting outside the Senate House, passed resolutions affirming their grievances, and protesting against the misgovernment to which the country is subjected in the matter of university education. The attention of the police, a strong force of whom attended, was called to the illegality of the court which the Senate was holding, and its summonses; the holding of similar courts by the Land League having been held contrary to law. The speakers promised a renewal of their protest for next year. Lord Meath, the chancellor, did not attend; the vice-chancellor suggested that, as the University was not invested with powers to try or punish the graduates or undergraduates, and as the charges were very vague, it would be best to leave them to be dealt with by the legal tribunals of the country. The law adviser of the Senate concurred that it had no power to try or punish, and so the storm foolishly raised by Lord Meath might have ended. However, a majority of the Senate carried a resolution that a case should be submitted to the law officers of the Crown, and so the foundation is being laid for a State trial of over one hundred young men and women for riot, sedition, disloyalty, and such like crimes.

Cobden described the government of Ireland as alternately "patching and bayonets." It is so still. The short period of conciliation at the commencement of Chief Secretary Wyndham's reign was marked by profuse promises. Ireland was to be governed according to Irish ideas; political prisoners were released; an acceptable university scheme was to be established; coercion prosecutions ceased; grants for teaching Gaelic in primary schools were authorized; evicted tenants were to be reinstated; police expenditure was to be reduced and their mischievous activity curbed. This did not last long. Wyndham threw over Sir Antony MacDonnell, who had been engaged as conciliation agent; secret instructions paralyzed the action of the Land Commissioners. Under Chief Secre-

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tary Long administration runs in the old groove. Local governing bodies are worried and harassed about matters of little moment; police interference in trifling matters is stimulated; members of Parliament visiting their constituencies are dogged and prosecuted. The present English Government is near its end. Will the Liberals do any better? At the beginning of last session the whole Liberal party supported John Redmond's resolution, declaring that

"the government of Ireland is in opposition to the will of the Irish people, gives them no voice in the management of their affairs, is ineffective and extravagantly costly, does not enjoy the confidence of any secton, is productive of universal discontent and unrest, and has been proved incapable of promoting the material and intellectual progress of the people."

Campbell-Bannerman, leader of the Liberal party, then said: "I defy the wit of man to give Irishmen any control, any effective voice, any management of their own affairs, unless there is an executive responsible to a body in which the elective element shall have the decisive voice." Within the last month John Morley, referring to the Liberal vote on Redmond's resolution, said: "I cannot believe that the new Parliament will run its course without any attempt to remedy so monstrous a state of things." Some of the Liberal leaders have, however, spoken in less satisfactory terms, and have shown an inclination to turn their backs on the resolution they supported, to treat it as a pious opinion, a question that may be postponed to a more convenient season. The Irish party and the Irish electors in England are not likely to tolerate such shuffling. At the approaching general election candidates in English constituencies, where there is any body of Irish voters, will be required to state specifically their views on the subject of Home Rule.

A general impression exists that, in view of the coming general election, the Government is seeking to evoke expressions of popular discontent, and even disorder, in Ireland on which to base an Anti-Irish and Anti-Home Rule appeal to the English electors.

AN IRISHMAN.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.—II.

SEVASTOPOL, October 16, 1905.

In Moscow there are something over twenty thousand droshky drivers, a large number of whom own their equipment, while many of them own several. The business has not yet been monopolized in the Russian cities as in most other countries. One result of this is that the droshky drivers favor themselves in stormy weather, so that those who depend upon them are likely, when needing them most, to be put to serious inconvenience. As yet there are no electric tramways in St. Petersburg, while in Moscow the electric system has been only partially inaugurated. In St. Petersburg one will find the regulation price for droshky service considerably less in winter than it is in summer and autumn, owing to the fact that so many peasants come into the city with their equipment after the crops are secured.

Not only is the agricultural population organized into Mirs, but artisans and fishermen also are generally organized, in their way. While it is true that labor unions such as dominate Western Europe and the United States have not come to prevail in Russia, it has long been the case that small organizations, known as "Artels," including from ten to twenty workmen each, have been generally prevalent. These, like the Mirs, are democratic organizations, electing their own foreman, who bargains for them, and with whom the employer finds it for his interest to deal. The recent great enlargement of manufacturing industries has brought about conditions to which the Artels have not become fully adjusted. The lack of the more comprehensive organizations is the cause to which many attribute the disastrous excesses of the recent labor troubles in Russia. In the fisheries of the Don and Ural rivers the smaller labor organizations have, however, been for a long time combined to secure the rights of all. For long distances up these rivers the fishing is begun simultaneously upon the firing of signal guns. The small organizations are operated upon a mutual policy, each individual receiving an equitable share of the results, and giving to the owners of the nets a proportionate share agreed upon at the outset. These various democratic survivals among the Russian people must be reckoned with in any scheme for promoting the progress of the people according to modern ideas. The Government at St. Petersburg is far from being omnipotent. The statesmen at the helm, even of an autocratic government, are compelled to consider carefully the nature of the element through which they are guiding their bark, and the fierceness of the storms which may be aroused by their own temerity. The Russian peasant is extremely conservative and very tenacious of his opinions.

Curiously enough, the Russian Dissenters from the Established Church (the so-called Raskolniks) do not furnish a progressive element, but, on the contrary, are most violently opposed to all progress. They are the champions of the *status quo* as it existed in the time of Peter the Great. They glory in the name of Old Believers, refusing to accept the least change in the Liturgy or in their personal habits. Notwithstanding frequent severe persecutions and the constant imposition of heavy disabilities, they have continued to increase until they number, according to the best authorities, more than twelve millions. The Raskolniks form a most peculiar element in the Russian population. They hold themselves entirely aloof from the Established Church, and maintain their own places of worship by voluntary contributions. Most of them, however, are orderly in their conduct, except in religious matters, and are extremely industrious and frugal, so that they have accumulated property to a far greater extent than the ordinary Russian has done. In some of the provinces they are the principal property-owners, while wealthy Raskolniks abound in the mining districts of the Ural Mountains and among the mercantile classes of the large cities. A large share of the steamboats on the Siberian rivers are owned by them. Their prosperity is partially, if not largely, due to their extreme opposition to the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. Their savings, due to their temperate habits, amount in the aggregate to a fortune. There are thousands of village communities in Russia and Siberia where the extreme Prohibitionists of America would find things after their own heart, since it would be impossible to purchase a drop of intoxicating liquor for love or money.

In the regular Russian Church service one will witness a marvellous spectacle of democracy, illustrating how susceptible the common people may be to the influence of truth when presented in æsthetic forms. Aesthetically, the Russian Church service has reached the height of perfection. The Liturgy, which has come down from the days of the "golden-mouthed" Chrysostom, is the most beautiful presentation of the sublime truths of Christianity which has ever been made. The symbolism accompanying it has been carefully studied to meet the wants of the most highly cultivated classes, while the music has reached a stage of absolute perfection. If one enters a Russian church anywhere, from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, he will witness the service in the same perfection, and he will find himself in a crowded congregation, three-fourths of whom are men, and the majority of them of the working class, all of them suffused with tender emotion, under the combined influence of the music, the symbolism, the associations, and the Liturgy itself. There is no more democratic assembly in the world than one finds in the Russian Church. There are no seats. High and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, men, women, and children, all stand for hours at a time to share in the stream of emotion which is the natural result. This partly accounts for the remarkable musical development of the Russian people. From earliest childhood, the poorest peasant hears in the church the highest and best class of sacred music, prepared for him by the greatest musical masters. I was often struck with this elevation of musical taste among the common people while travelling through Siberia, on meeting the regiments, and on stopping over in the smaller cities. In Blagovestchensk, for instance, there was a local musical society which could with ease render the choruses of Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah."

For all these things the Russian peasant loves his Church. It furnishes him what he wants. It adds to his life an element of idealism which most gratefully breaks the dull monotony of his daily life. It is a mistake to speak of the Russian peasant as priest-ridden. The Church is the object of his choice. The priest and his family are his companions and servants, carrying into the remotest settlements elements of culture which it would be impossible for him to obtain in any other way. It is affecting, in travelling on the Siberian Railroad, to see the people gather about a Church car, which stops upon a siding to furnish temporary provision for the religious wants of the settlers. This devotion of the Russian to his Church must be reckoned with in any effort to remodel the social and political character of the empire. The Russian Church has ever been the servant of the State and a main influence in promoting patriotism among the people.

Some other prejudices must also be reckoned with in all practical schemes for the remodelling of Russian society. Among the most important of these is that which is felt towards the Jew. Indeed, the Jewish

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problem in Russia is more serious and more difficult to deal with than in any other country. It is in many respects much like that which faces the United States in its negro population. There are twice as many Jews in Russia as in all the rest of the world. They have mostly come into the empire by annexation of western provinces. In Russia, as everywhere else, the Jews are especially sharp in business bargains, and easily take advantage of the more simple-minded peasants. It is therefore almost impossible to avoid frequent collisions, which take the authorities unawares and lead to deplorable results. Until in the United States we can more completely put into effect our laws for the protection of the negro, it is in poor taste to blame the Russian Government excessively for its failure to anticipate and suppress all racial troubles which arise among its varied peoples.

Another prejudice not to be neglected in dealing with the Russian peasant is that which he entertains against any system of education which is forced upon him from the outside. In his attachment to his communal system he resents any interference with his affairs except so far as it may seem directly necessary for the preservation of the honor of the empire to which he belongs, and loyalty to which is summarized in his devotion to the Czar, its lawful head. It seems to many outside theorists a very simple matter for an autocratic Government to promote the education of the masses. But so long as the Czar recognizes the Mir with its long-established local authority, educational reforms can make but slow progress, since the medium through which they are carried into effect consists so largely of local influences. We have in America a somewhat similar condition of things in the Appalachian Mountain districts of the Southern States, where there are two million illiterate mountain whites who have been scarcely affected at all by the best-made State educational laws. The Russian peasant even more than the Southern white resents the interference of the general Government with what he considers his private affairs. He is strongly attached to the principle of local option. The Czar finds it hazardous to interfere with these local prejudices lest it diminish the loyalty of his subjects. In short, the Russian empire has an unwritten constitution which is as effective in its way as is the English.

In travelling from one end of Russia to the other, we have seen no indications of disorder or discontent. When in the centre of the empire, the disorders have been as far from us as were those in Colorado last year from Ohio. The disorders during the last four months have not appreciably affected the great peasant population upon which the stability of the empire depends. Nor do the peasants seem to interest themselves deeply in the elections to the approaching Duma. It is well known that interest in the Zemstvos fell off rapidly, owing to the peasants' fear that they would favor additional interference with the life of the village commune. They would rather trust the Czar than a parliament. When one takes into consideration this conservatism of the peasant of the great central provinces, and the heterogeneous character of the populations which have been brought under Russian rule by annexation, he will not be disappointed if parliamentary government makes slow progress for a while. Yet it is something that in the Duma it will really begin. The Anglo-Saxon, however, need not expect it to be wholly after his pattern.

G. Frederick Wright.

JEHOL.

Jehol, China, September 29, 1905.

In 1860, when the Emperor Hien Fung fled from Peking before the advance of the allied French and English armies, he took refuge beyond the mountains in his summer hunting-palace at Jehol. Here he died not long afterwards, since which time this place has not been visited by its imperial masters. Nor have many European or American travellers had the curiosity to make the trip, which, nevertheless, well repays whatever slight trouble it may cost. The distance from Peking can be comfortably covered on horseback in five days, and by harder riding in four. The country traversed is for the most part mountainous and picturesque, the road is good enough as Chinese roads go, and the accommodations on the route are those of the usual Chinese inn. For the return journey one does well to take boats from Jehol down the Lan River till one reaches the railway line from Shan-hai-kwan back to Peking. This also is an affair of four to five days, and few experiences are more lazily agreeable than gliding with the stream in a flat-bottomed craft, propelled by the steady rowing of two men in the bow and one paddling in the stern, or every now and then hurried along by a rapid. The sights on the way are full of interest, for the Lan passes through some very fine gorges, where the crags beetle over the bubbling water below, and the hundreds of boats comfortably descending with the current or painfully being hauled up against it lend continual animation to the scene. In particular, the view through the river gate of the Great Wall is a thing to be remembered.

Jehol itself is a commonplace Chinese town nestling at the foot of a line of hills occupied by the park that contains the various imperial dwelling-places, kiosks, storehouses, and the like. Although the retreat was already used by the Mongol emperors, the wall of the enclosure was not built till the time of the present dynasty, with whom the palace is especially connected. It was here that in 1793 Lord McCartney, the first envoy sent by England to China, after following the Emperor K'ien Lung up from Peking, was graciously entertained by him at a feast in the garden. However, almost the only result of the embassy was an arrogant letter in which the Son of Heaven told George III.:

"As the requests made by your ambassador militate against the laws and usages of this our Empire, and are at the same time wholly useless for the end proposed, I cannot acquiesce in them. I again admonish you, O King, to act conformably to my instructions, that we may preserve peace and amity on each side, and thereby contribute to our reciprocal happiness."

Much has changed in China, as elsewhere, since these words were first written, and now Jehol has not been visited by a sovereign since the one who died there a fugitive nearly half a century ago; but, on the other hand, it is open to any tourist with a permission from the Foreign Office in Peking.

As might be expected, almost every portion of the buildings and grounds shows obvious signs of neglect and decay. The total effect, of old, must have been far more brilliant than at present, for most of the once yellow tiles have preserved hardly a trace of their imperial color which once made the roofs so bright; and the woodwork, too, although remarkably little affected itself, has usually lost its coat of paint long ago. In like manner, several of the short massive stone bridges are only passable, if at all, owing to the planks thrown loosely over the gaps in the middle; but still, when we remember the out-at-elbows condition of much in the actual abodes of Chinese royalty and of the shrines where they worship in state, like the Temple of Heaven, we are ready for anything in places deserted by them. What remains here is, first and foremost, the landscape architecture, with its combination of hill and dale, shady walks and grassy banks, lake, island, and grotto, graceful kiosks and charmingly shaped houses. The ten-storied pagoda, too, is architecturally pleasing, besides commanding an excellent view of the grounds; and in every direction the grass is alive with spotted deer, who, free from danger, are almost as tame as sheep. The Imperial storehouses excite the longest attention, for here are kept the household furnishings of the Palace, until they shall next be called into use. To be sure, the closed doors of these houses are sealed with mystically inscribed strips of paper; and as the windows also have paper panes, nothing in the interior would be visible were it not that everywhere many of these same panes are badly torn. All we have to do is to follow the example of the eunuch officials who are guiding us, and peep in at the piles of porcelain, blue, red, yellow, what not; the cloisonné work, the splendid screens, the lacquered tables, the chairs, the thrones, etc., etc., enough to make the collector's mouth water. All of these articles are covered with dust, and such as can fall to pieces of themselves are doing so; but still the great majority only need to be brought forth and cleaned to resume their proper place in the world. It makes one long for another imperial visit, when perforce the whole mass of this finery would have to be furbished up.

On the other side of the Palace Park from the city are the Lama Temples, the second great "sight" of Jehol. They are in charge of monks—in this case, Mongols—who, in their faded yellow dresses, loiter about them; and each has its own special attractions. The buildings are in an unequal state of preservation, although, of course, all are in the more or less advanced stages of the usual Chinese decomposition; Some of them are only curious, but others are really fine architecturally, and the internal decoration is often particularly good. In the Ta Fo S'Su (Great Buddha Temple) there is a colossal wooden statue of Buddha, said to be exactly the same height as the one in the Lama Temple in Peking; in the Lo Han Tang are five hundred and eight Buddhist worthies, gilt wooden statues of heroic size and of very considerable artistic merit; indeed, many of them have a great deal of expression, and as a lot they are far superior to those in the Temple of the 33,333 Buddhas

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in Kioto, of which one is reminded. In the Hsing Kung (Imperial Travelling Palace) the distinguishing feature is the number of little figures of the Buddha in brass or clay. Just how many of these there are it would be hard to guess, but there must be several thousand. Undoubtedly, the most interesting of all the temples is the Potala, whose exterior is a reproduction on a smaller scale of its namesake, the residence of the Dalai Lama in Lasa. As one gazes from below at its great bare rectangular shape, familiar to us from the pictures of its model, for a moment one has the illusion of actually being in the sacred city itself. The interior of the structure is unfortunately in a particularly dilapidated condition, but there is a fine inner shrine with a profusion of interesting offerings and ornaments, and a gorgeous gilt ceiling.

Such are the "monuments" of Jehol. Old without being venerable, all of them in neglect, many of them in ruin, they somehow retain a magnificence which appeals to the imagination, and charm the stranger for their very decay. Truly, this is a strange land, with many things in it that are strange—especially to us Anglo-Saxons; but the traveller who has once been to China, even if the merest globe-trotter, will return again with a fresher, livelier interest and more fascination at each succeeding visit.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

Correspondence.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, please, make a few remarks concerning the new Anglo-Japanese treaty? The first treaty was concluded and faithfully observed by both parties, because it served their mutual interests. Japan was anxious to be secured, in her attack upon Russia, against the intervention of European Powers. England, on the other hand, was, after her South African experience, more than eager to gain an ally in a possible conflict with Russia; or, rather, England desired to have Japan attack and cripple Russia before the latter Power could think of attacking England in India.

The question arises: Has England's policy been successful? It seems that it has not. The English appear to be more uneasy than ever about their position in India, as is evident, for instance, from recent papers like that on "National Defence" in the *Edinburgh Review* of last October. Their misgivings are not without foundation. In the first place, Russia knows well enough whom she has to thank for her war with the Japanese. The morale of the Russian army has not suffered to any extent. Russia is bound to come triumphantly out of the throes of internal disorders which render her weak and helpless for the present. The greater liberties granted to her people cannot fail to make the Russians stronger, more capable of developing the as yet hardly-touched rich natural resources of their vast dominions, and, last but not least, more patriotic. The want and need of a suitable seaport as an outlet for their Asiatic possessions remains unchanged and unsatisfied. Having found resistance too strong in the Far East, why should they not try whether resistance is not less in a southern direction? Why should they not undertake to restore their weakened prestige by avenging themselves upon an adversary whose land forces have always proved to be a "quantité négligeable," and whose ships can neither fight on land nor pour reinforcements into India as quickly as the two Russian strategical railroads can?

But has not England concluded for that very reason a new ten-year treaty with Japan? That is indeed true. Japan has bound herself to assist England in maintaining general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and India. She has even promised to come to the assistance of her ally, if the latter is threatened "by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, *wherever* arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers." Between a promise made and a promise kept, there is, however, a vast deal of difference. Will Japan be able, and, if able, will Japan be willing, to come to England's assistance, in case Russia should invade India? Lord Roberts demands an army of 500,000 British soldiers to defend India against a possible Russian attack. England, however, unless it introduces the "conscript system," cannot maintain a European army of much more than 100,000 men in that distant country. The Russians, as has been proved in the Japanese war, may easily hurl over 600,000 men against India, while leaving an army of 500,000 men in Eastern Siberia and Mantchuria; for the Russian army, on a peace footing, amounts to about 1,000,000 men, and the distance from Russia to India is only half as great as that from Russia to Mantchuria, while at the same time instead of one there are two railroads at the disposal of the Russian forces.

A Russian army of 500,000, threatening the frontiers of Korea and the other regions held by the Japanese on the mainland of Asia, will undoubtedly prevent the latter from sending any reinforcements to their English allies in India. They will even compel the Japanese to keep peace. Japan is no longer as strong for attacks as she was before the war. By laying her hands upon Korea and a part of Mantchuria, she has given the strongest possible pledges for her future good behavior to the Powers of the world. She must keep out of all foreign entanglements, because in any such complication she is bound to find Russia and Russia's allies siding with her enemy.

England, on her part, is no longer in a position to offer Japan any real help. There is no sea-power, or combination of sea-powers, that does or might threaten Japan, as long as the foreign policy of that country keeps within proper bounds. Under these circumstances, it is extremely improbable that Japan would dare risk the fruits of her late victory over Russia by actually attacking that Power again, even if it should enter upon an aggressive policy against the English possessions in Asia.

There is, moreover, another point to be considered in this connection. Who should bear the expense for the sending of, let us say, 300,000 Japanese soldiers to India, in order to meet a Russian invasion of that country? The present war has left the Japanese without any war indemnity. They certainly cannot pay the war debts incurred in the course of the next ten years. Will they be able and willing to incur a doubling of their war debts by entering upon another war with Russia merely for friendship's sake, because of the blue eyes of Albion? I don't think anybody in England expects that much from the little brown fellows in the Japanese seas. There surely are agreements which are and will be kept secret, promising the necessary cash to Japan in case she has to mobilize her army for England's use. That fact admits of no doubt.

But will history repeat itself? Will proud Japan stoop to do what petty German princes did in our Revolutionary war? Is it not queer that English diplomacy, at the beginning of the twentieth century, can still conceive the idea of defending its possessions across the seas by hiring the soldiers of some foreign potentate? It seems to me that the new Anglo-Japanese treaty is not worth the ink it is signed with. It illustrates nothing but the difficulties which beset statesmen who have to defend territories grown so large that the governing race cannot or will not defend them with its own blood.—Yours truly,

WM. WEBER.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., November 20, 1905.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Atlantic Monthly* for October I saw the announcement of the publication, early in the autumn, of 'A Summary of Investigations conducted by the Committee of Fifty into the Liquor Problem.' I sent at once for the book, in the hope of acquiring thereby some new and effective weapon, derived from American experience, for combating the all but universal use of alcoholic beverages in Germany, where a movement for total abstinence has but just fairly begun, and is struggling against prejudice and long-established habit.

But I was sorely disappointed, especially in the first portion of the book, which treats of the physiological aspect of the drink question. The fact is, that the most important evidence for the harm done by the habitual use of alcoholic beverages is not as much as mentioned. Assuredly the question whether or not, and to what extent, the moderate habitual use of beer is injurious to health, is a question of *statistics*, and we are in possession of such statistics on a grand scale, collected with the utmost care, inasmuch as large amounts of money were involved. I refer to the experience of several great English life-insurance companies, notably the "United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution," which has accumulated experience for more than sixty years, and has kept strictly separate accounts of its Abstinence Division and its Non-Abstinence Division. The mere fact that this company grants to abstainers a *rebate of fifteen per cent.* on their annual premiums, whereas non-abstainers are required to pay in full, is proof abundant of the greater longevity of the abstainers.

This subject, with extensive tables, is treated lucidly in an article by T. T. Whittaker, M. P., in the March number, 1904, of the *Contemporary Review*. From this article I quote a single sentence: "It will be observed that, during the strenuous working years of manhood, from twenty-

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five to sixty years of age, the annual mortality rates among abstainers were, on the average, *forty per cent.* lower than among non-abstainers."

Now, I submit that since non-abstainers do not in general die of well-known alcohol-diseases, such as *delirium tremens*, but are taken away by the most various diseases, be it consumption, typhoid fever, or what not, there is no escaping the conclusion that he who habitually indulges in the use of alcoholic beverages thereby greatly weakens his constitution, diminishes his power of resistance to diseases, and shortens his life.

These facts are not surprising when it is remembered that physicians possess only very crude and inefficient means of examining the health of the organs of circulation and digestion, especially the kidneys and the liver; and that, in case of death, say by pulmonary consumption, the physician cannot possibly say whether and to what extent the patient had injured his heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, by the habitual use of alcoholic beverages before the inception of the fatal disease.

Another very important physiological effect is not even hinted at in the report of the Committee of Fifty, namely, the gradual, but grave, dulling effect upon the intellect and the ethical nature of man by the habitual use of beer.

Very respectfully,

WERNER A. STILLE.

HANOVER, GERMANY, November 2, 1905.

"THE SWEET ROMAN HAND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My friend Mr. Edward H. Whorf calls my attention to a phrase in "Twelfth Night" which I do not find noted in Dyce's Glossary, O'Connor's Index, Furness's Variorum Edition, the Century Dictionary; in fact, I find it in no usual place of search. The phrase is as follows: "I think we do know the sweet Roman hand" (Act iii., scene 4, line 28). The meaning of "Roman hand" may be so obvious to the learned critics and commentators that they have not thought it worthy of explanation. It is possible, but not likely, however, that it has baffled their knowledge. Be all this as it may, I submit my evidence with due hesitation, for I have never before written a word concerning Shakspere, and probably shall never write another.

In 'The Pens' Excellencie or the Secretaries Delight, Written by Martin Billingsley (Io: Sudbury & George Humble in Popeshead Alley, London, 1618)' occurs this engaging passage:

"The third is *Roman*, which hath his denomination from the place where (it seemes) it was first written, viz: *Rome*. A hand of great account, and of much vse in this Realme, especially in the Vniuersities; and it is conceiued to be the easiest hand that is written with Pen, and to be taught in the shortest time: Therefore it is vsually taught to women, for as much as they (hauing not the patience to take any great paines, besides phantasticall and humorsome) must be taught that which they may instantly learne? otherwise they are vncertaine of their proceedings, because their minds are (vpon light occasion) easily drawne from the first resolution."

Billingsley dedicates his book to King Charles I., then Prince Charles, to whom he was writing-master at the time of the publication of his excellent little treatise. His depreciation of the capacity of women was clearly within his right, for a writing-master as well as a college president may safely stigmatize a whole sex as not being so well equipped as he in his special craft. I find that Miss Jennett Humphreys, in her article on Billingsley in the Dictionary of National Biography (vol. 5, p. 36), has already come upon this passage with evident relish.

The only definition I have found of "Roman hand" states that it is the "Italian hand"—a wholly different style, as the excellent Billingsley points out. I am strengthened in my hopes that the meaning of "Roman hand" is caviare not to the general alone, for Mr. Albert Matthews, to whom I have timorously shown this "find," and who encourages me to send it to you, points out that Schmidt, in his 'Shakespeare-Lexicon,' compares the passage with that one in "Titus Andronicus" (v., 1, 139) which reads as follows:

"And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.' "

Here we have one distinguished commentator who is distinctly wrong, if Billingsley, a contemporary of Shakspere, is right; for Schmidt means only that the letters are Roman, not Italic, and that is not much of an elucidation of either passage. If Schmidt is in the dark, he may perchance have learned company. But if this meaning was common knowledge to the glossary makers and commentators, they surely ought to have imparted it to those for whose benefit glosses are made.

LINDSAY SWIFT.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, November 15, 1905.

THE OLD GAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter enclosed will perhaps sufficiently speak for itself; but if it really runs as close to impropriety as it strikes me as doing, the promptest of reprobation is due at the hands of some journal not just now interested in a stock of books for sale. In point of fact, university men are coming to receive over-many propositions of this kind, and the best time to balk is possibly when one doesn't much care for the particular set of books in question. Cases of this sort invoke the general principle that the especially needy have especial claim to be delivered from temptation.

Yours respectfully,

H. J. DAVENPORT.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, November 20, 1905.

HERBERT DAVENPORT, Esq.,
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:

The *Outlook*, acting in conjunction with The History Association of London, desires to place in your hands a set of The Historians' History of the World, with the view of gaining your endorsement and coöperation in the general sale of the work which will shortly begin.

Our proposition is in the nature of compensation for the time required by you to intelligently examine and pass an opinion on the books.

The enclosed booklet will give you a general idea of the scope and character of the twenty-five volumes. The fact that not since 1779 has there been published an adequate world history, gives an added interest to the present announcement.

If you are in position to consider the offer referred to above we shall be glad, on receipt of the enclosed post card, to send you full particulars, also a description of and illustrations from the work itself.

THE OUTLOOK,
per R. S. T.

NEW YORK, November 18, 1905.

THE INVERSION OF "GRAFT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was interested in your correspondent's quotation from Governor Folk's definition of Graft. Strange as it may seem, this good West of England word means *hard work: work: a job: a livelihood.* It has become ill assorted by base usage. Murray points out that, among men who gain their living on the highway, "the roadster proper is distinguished from the tramp by having a 'Graft,' or, in other terms, a visible means of support!"

Sincerely yours, WM. S. BOOTH.

BOSTON, November 25, 1905.

HIM AND HER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this strenuous town even the little girls play football. Passing a group of them yesterday I was surprised to hear one, as she fell on the ball, exclaim, "I've got him!" Have we not here the solution of that linguistic curiosity, the tendency of the male controller (engineer, sailor, etc.) of an object to allude to the object under control as "her"—an instinctive expression of a fundamental duality? The girl was about twelve years old. Would any boy have called a ball "him?"—Yours,

AN OBSERVER,

NEW HAVEN, CONN., November 22, 1905.

Notes.

Messrs. Putnam have in preparation 'The Connecticut River,' by Edwin M. Bacon, and 'Episcopal Reminiscences,' by Bishop Henry C. Potter.

MR. William J. Hay, Edinburgh (John Knox's House), whose 'Old Houses in Edinburgh' we have lately noticed, will publish next month 'The Hammermen of Edinburgh and their Altar,' extracts from the records of this incorporated trade, A. D. 1494-1558, with introductory notes by John Smith.

Velhagen & Klasing, of Bielefeld and Leipzig, announce a new, fifth and "Jubilee" edition of Andree's 'Grosser Handatlas,' which is being edited by A. Scobel. It is just twenty-five years ago since the first edition of this excellent work was issued. The number of maps has been increased from 186 sheets in the fourth edition to 207 in the fifth, the new additions being chiefly of countries which have come into prominence in recent years. The size of the page is 16 by 9½ inches. Statistical trade and economic geography especially is made prominent in the new Atlas, which is to appear in 56 *Lieferungen*. The first has just been issued.

It is a far cry (a quarter century) to the first edition of Andrew Lang's 'Oxford,' one of his earliest books, indeed. It is now revived (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.) very handsomely in brightly stamped covers, with fifty illustrations, the first in

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color. But whereas only three designers were originally called in, now there are nine at least. Happily the later drawings or etchings have been made to correspond with the earlier by MM. Brunet-Debaines, Toussaint, and Thomas; if "process" is not wholly excluded, there is no intrusion of plain photography. In other words, the pictures still harmonize with the text, not as real appearances, but as "impressions." This is proper treatment of a good book.

The "popular edition" of Sir Walter Armstrong's masterly Life of 'Sir Joshua Reynolds' (London: Heinemann; New York: Scribners) is separated from its more sumptuous predecessor by but five years. It is itself elegantly made, and its visible "popularity" (apart from the reduced cost) lies in its having been converted from a folio into a royal octavo. It can, in other words, be now read with at least four times as much ease and convenience, and possession of it will imply that it has been purchased to be read. The public is to be congratulated on having so authoritative a work thus brought within reasonable reach while maintaining a high standard of manufacture.

Within three years Mr. Ernest W. Clement's laudable 'Handbook of Modern Japan' (Chicago: McClurg) has reached a sixth edition, showing that the sale has profited by the great war come and gone during that interval. In proper return, the author has added a chapter on the struggle with Russia, supplying a useful chronology of the leading events, and a summary—of losses, cost, etc.—which will need much overhauling when the respective combatants write their official histories—if they ever do!

Among the noticeable reissues of the week or fortnight are 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' Oxford Edition (H. Frowde), with Barham's portrait and twenty-five illustrations by Leech, Cruikshank, and others—the text somewhat condensed, typographically, but legible enough; still another form, for the hand or pocket, of Stevenson's 'A Child's Garden of Verses' (Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.), very tasteful in all its appointments; and a revised edition of Prof. Charles F. Richardson's well-known manual, 'The Choice of Books' (Putnams). This author depends much on quotation from others to fill out his chapters. The two related ones on "Remembering What One Reads" and "The Use of Note-books" omit two practical methods—one, to think over what has been read immediately on shutting the book; the other, a particularly useful discipline for the young, to *write down* the impression of every work perused. This edition has been somewhat overhauled. It has helpful suggestions for household libraries.

We receive for the second time the bulky, rather undigested English monograph on 'St. Helena, the Historic Island; from its Discovery to the Present Date,' by E. L. Jackson (New York: Thomas Whittaker). For a book of reference, in spite of its lack of an index, it has its utility, and the photographic illustrations have a curious worth. Some of these were taken shortly after the Boer war, and show the Boers yet interned in the island.

A British business man's views of economic conditions in Japan, Korea, and China, during a journey made three years ago, are entertainingly set forth in the well-illustrated and indexed book, 'Far Eastern Impressions,' by Ernest F. G. Hatch, M. P. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.). The outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war suggested to Mr. Hatch the idea of making a record of his notes, with revision and additions, which was done some time before the treaty of Portsmouth. The half-tone reproductions from photographs, numbering over four-score, are unusually good, and these, with the excellent maps showing at a glance railway development in the three countries, make this an attractive and timely volume. The illustrations seem about as valuable as the text, for little of purely original matter of any great importance enters into the book, which is rather too rich in quotations. Mr. Hatch crossed the Pacific Ocean to Japan with Kang Yu Wei, the radical Chinese reformer, and then had interviews with such opposite characters as Li Hung Chang and Sir Robert Hart. The author calls attention to the resources of the Shansi coal field, which has an area of 13,470 English square miles, with a probable minimum quantity for the whole area of 630,000,000,000 tons of coal. This is anthracite, with a thickness of 12 metres and a specific weight of 1.5, and is calculated to cover the coal consumption of the world at its present rate (300,000,000 tons annually) for a period of 2,100 years. Besides the deposits of coal and iron, the cheapness and abundance of labor in the mining region have enabled practical iron manufacturers to demonstrate that a ton of pig iron could be produced in Shansi at three dollars a ton. Other titbits of economic information are scattered throughout this interesting book.

'China's Intercourse with Korea from the XVth Century to 1895,' by William Woodville Rockhill (London: Luzac & Co.), though but a pamphlet of sixty pages, is as a nugget of purest metal in the heap of ore of gold, fool's and otherwise, which interest in Korea has made visible in the market. This scholarly writer, in treating of the political status of the peninsular kingdom, shows why and how men of Occidental mind, looking only at forms of European diplomacy, have been so befuddled; for the term in Chinese and Korean official documents usually translated "vassal kingdoms," or "fiefs," really means relationship, which furnishes at once the key to the problem. The Ming emperors of China were "fathers to Korea," and the Mantchu emperors of the reigning dynasty have been "elder brothers"; the present Chinese Emperor, in an edict of 1882, referring to the Korean royal family as his "near kindred." "Tribute," brought to Peking by such so-called vassal states, was really at the expense of China, and was solely a *quid pro quo* for the privilege of trading with the Chinese under extraordinarily favorable conditions; the merchants and merchandise being brought to the market and returned home free of all charges. The chapter on the Mantchu Invasions of Korea is very full and rich in detail, as the author has availed himself of the fruits of recent research by American and other scholars in Korea. An additional chapter on certain laws and customs of the land is interesting. A fondness for alcohol and tobacco is a national weakness, and sauntering a fixed habit; the *kukyeng* (picnic) being part and parcel of the life of the inhabitants. Apart from Japanese political interference, the real Korean problem seems to be how 6,000,000 able-bodied males can, during daylight hours, support in their mouths a tobacco pipe from three to five feet long while doing work enough to get food and clothes. After this, the next question before a possible progressive Korea is the elimination of the mob of female sorcerers that have so long existed as blood-sucking parasites on the body economic and social, while fully equal in their power of wastefulness to the predatory nobility that lives at the expense of the common people.

As correct information about the details of Japan's policy in Korea will be of continuous and increasing interest, it is well to note that in addition to the monthly magazine, the *Korea Review*, which is perhaps not anti-Japanese, while yet severely critical of Japanese methods, the Seul *Press* is issued daily, with a weekly edition. This paper contains news of happenings in the country itself as well as in lands adjoining, with comment and correspondence, all indicating general approval of Japanese policy, with explanation and defence of methods. Perhaps the Koreans, who, for the most part, at present are utterly indifferent to the world at large, may, like the Japanese, profit by the steady streams of criticism which play upon them from both periodicals.

Part 2 of Prof. Angelo De Gubernatis's 'Dictionnaire International des Écrivains du Monde Latin' carries the work from Carretto to Evelyn. One notices the same sprinkling of non-Italian scholars and writers who have come in touch, in one way or another, with the "Latin World." Several Italians of international reputation turn up for treatment—notably, Gabriele D'Annunzio, of whom it is candidly said: "If, as he possesses an exceptional talent, he had had any conscience whatsoever, his literary work would have been beneficent; . . . one admires his natural gifts, but all his motions of a fallen angel disgust us much oftener than they attract. . . . For the moment, one regards him as a phenomenon which terrifies." Of Edmondo De Amicis, on the other hand, only good is spoken. He is placed next to Manzoni and D'Azeglio, as the writer who has handled Italian prose with most ease and geniality; he is said to excel all others in descriptive talent, in sentiment and in revealing pity for the great and small miseries to which mankind is heir. The Dictionary justifies expectations. In future editions it will be possible to give a larger representation to foreigners. The work is published by the author at Rome.

The *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the oldest and most influential general scientific journal in Germany, contains in its No. 233 a vigorous editorial from the pen of Dr. Oskar Bulle, entitled "Kongresse und Ueberproduction," in which the writer rather sharply criticises the endless number of congresses, conventions, and other meetings that nowadays seem to be regarded as indispensable for every phase of research or public life. It is pointed out, among other things, that, as commonly conducted, these conventions do not ensure a thorough discussion of the subjects concerned, but that a large proportion of their deliberations is practically "playing to the galleries." The writer declares that the best interests of modern progress demand that the number of such assemblies be materially curtailed, and limited to lines of

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work in which public discussion rather than private research is profitable; and, further, that when conventions are actually held, the committees of arrangements should make it their chief business to cut down the programme to what is absolutely necessary or really beneficial. Dr. Bulle thinks that, as at present conducted, the average congress is "too much of a good thing," and that the best interests of science and of the public problems of the day require a thoroughgoing reform in these popular but generally superficial meetings.

The Government of Egypt has agreed that the international Archæological Congress, which convened this year in Athens, shall hold its next convention in Cairo in 1907. The Khedive has consented to appoint a local committee of arrangements; the Athenian committee, however, to retain the general management. It is also announced that the Transactions of the convention held in Athens are to appear within the next few weeks, and are to be sold through the trade at an exceptionally low price.

The surplus of physicians over and above the demand is so great in France that strange consequences have resulted. A correspondent of the London *Lancet* reports that the medical men of the town of Cholet, in Anjou, have united in signing a document which has appeared in the leading medical journals of France, warning all outside physicians against settling in Cholet. A charitable association in another town has decided that the members of their medical staff may receive only 45 centimes for office consultation and 70 centimes for visiting a patient, even if this happens to be a night call or includes a minor operation. The staff has struck, and refused to render its services for such trifles.

The report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Administration of the Congo State, consisting of the Advocate-General of the Brussels Court of Appeals, the President of the Court of Appeals at Boma, and a Swiss jurist added for the purpose of introducing a non-Belgian element, has been published, and from a summary in the London *Times* it would appear to substantiate the charge of grievous cruelties and abuses. There has been a great delegation of power to persons utterly unfit to exercise it, and an almost complete absence of the supervision by which such persons should have been controlled. The report condemns the theory that all untilled land belongs to the State, which has been made the warrant for forbidding the native to change his residence or pass over this land without a special permit. The question of freedom of trade is not discussed, as being outside the competence of the commission, which yet acknowledges that there is virtually no trade among the natives, and native industry is non-existent. In regard to forced labor, the statement is made that "it is on this basis alone that the Congo can enter into the pathway of modern civilization, and that the population can be reclaimed from its natural state of barbarism"; but the principle should be applied in an equitable and paternal manner, and the enforcements limited to the strict necessities of the State. This is not the case in regions exploited by the commercial societies, more particularly in that controlled by the Abir Company, where the imprisonment of women as hostages, flogging to excess, and various acts of cruelty are not contested. In one village there were in recent years, on native testimony, 120 murders. The commissioners recommend that the right to use force in the collection of the labor tax should be taken away from the companies and vested in the supreme authority.

We note the formation of a Pennsylvania History Club, consisting at present of about forty members, and restricted to historical writers of consequence upon themes Pennsylvanian. It is an openly avowed adjunct to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and will hold its meetings in that society's building. We cite a few of the leading names: John B. McMaster, Isaac Sharpless, Sydney George Fisher, Samuel W. Pennypacker, Joseph G. Rosengarten, William B. Rawle, John W. Jordan, Burton N. Konkle, Ellis P. Oberholtzer.

—In his 'Washington and the West' (The Century Co.), Mr. A. B. Hulbert prints the diary of Washington's journey to his lands on the Ohio, in 1784, and accompanies it with a running commentary based upon personal visits to the localities and research among histofical records. The result is an interesting and valuable book, somewhat too strongly colored by certain prejudices which affected the editor from the beginning of his task. Washington can hardly be held up as an "expansionist" in the modern sense of the word, and no one would have sooner shrunk from such a piece of folly as the Philippine purchase. He was content with the responsibilities entailed by the territory defined by the treaty of 1783, and he looked upon the Mississippi as the true western boundary of the United States. His interest lay in developing the Western territory in such a way as to give it commercial connection with the East. This he desired as a national policy, and incidentally because it would make his large holdings of lands in the Ohio basin profitable to himself. The journey was primarily to view those lands and settle disputes with settlers who had refused to recognize his title. Secondarily, he wished to see the possibilities of connecting the Virginia rivers with the Ohio, so as to tap the growing commerce of the West, and enable Virginia to compete successfully with Pennsylvania and New York.

—The diary was printed by Sparks, but not in full, and Mr. Hulbert claims to give an exact reproduction of its text. Unfortunately, his copyist has played him some tricks, and especially in the spelling of proper names. Washington's writing is very clear after a few twists have been mastered, and it showed carelessness to print *Casson* more than once for *Cannon*, or *Swearenger* for *Swearengen*, or *Hd'sten* for *Holston*, or *lewis* for *Lewis*, especially as the editor gives the correct spelling in his commentary. Nor was it *Trickett* (p. 28) but *Snickers* of whom Washington wrote. A glance at the manuscript would have prevented such errors, as in each case the words are clearly and correctly written. Nor is the editor himself careful in his references. He writes *Luzerne* for *Luzerne*, and places the Braddock march in 1775. His notes are full to diffuseness, but he has made a very readable book, and the diary deserved to be printed in such an admirable form. Mr. Hulbert could have found additional information as to Washington's land ventures and his interest in the navigation of Virginia rivers. This interest was awakened and fostered by his half-brother Laurence, and the summary of the results of this journey of 1784 make an essential chapter in the history of the internal commerce of the Middle and Southern States. That the expectations of Washington were never realized takes away nothing from his excellent judgments upon the situation in his day and what the interests of Virginia demanded.

—Miss Anna B. McMahan has carried out satisfactorily her excellent plan of collecting from Shelley's diaries, letters and printed works all local references to his stay in Italy. This material, to which she gives the title 'With Shelley in Italy,' (Chicago: McClurg), has a two-fold interest, for it appeals to the lovers of Shelley and to the lovers of Italy. With the evidence, thus concentrated, the student of Shelley's genius can realize, what he may have only dimly felt, that Italy, whither Shelley went in April, 1818, was a vital inspiration for him. The poems which he wrote from that date till his death in July, 1822, so obviously transcend all his previous work that we hardly exaggerate in saying that they are the real Shelley, that the earlier work hardly counts, and that but for Italy he might never have developed. In Italy, he found the spiritual climate indispensable to his genius, and he throve and blossomed and bore fruit in prodigal luxuriance. There he found also the material conditions without which he had been irritated and checked. There, too, was the landscape which, etherealized in his imagination, made the scenery of his masterpieces. There was the land

"Where music and moonlight and feeling are one."

Miss McMahan has followed him from place to place, and, besides quoting his descriptions and poems, she supplies admirable summaries of his life year by year. She illustrates her book with three score or more views of buildings and scenes mentioned by Shelley, and of his various dwellings. The whole forms a delightful sort of poetic itinerary, whether for persons who are actually in Italy, or for those who travel in imagination only.

—The charm of French rural and provincial life, closed to the casual tourist, Mme. Mary Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson) once again brings before us in the republication (London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: Lippincott) of 'The Fields of France,' a beautiful quarto with twenty reproductions of water-color sketches by W. B. Macdougall, chiefly in illustration of French dwellings from farm-houses to châteaux. These pictures, done in light tints and with great suggestive deftness in simple handling, are wonderfully accurate in conveying the feeling of French landscape, except that in the Loire country sketches we miss something of the subduing grays and glowing yellows of that lovely region. Of the writer's part, a reviewer fortunate enough to have enjoyed informal French hospitality, to have chatted with farmer or peasant in field and vineyard, can but speak in terms of eager pleasure. The seven divisions of her book carry one from Normandy to Provence with apparently equal sympathy and shrewd observation, in the same spirit as Miss Betham-Edwards's kindred work dealt with

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other aspects of French social life. What a contrast with corresponding books of a few generations ago! We would draw special attention to the first study, "A Farm in the Cantal," which covers the annual rural pursuits of a modest establishment—Mme. Duclaux's own—in the mountains of Auvergne; also, to the admirable exposition, "The French Peasant," in which the author traces the vicissitudes of the rural population in general through the developing changes of legislation, old or new. Her contention is that the peasant is relatively worse off to-day than in the Middle Ages. The account of a country day at "A Manor in Touraine" is absolutely exact (p. 72), and could be matched in any department of France, save the very poorest. Altogether, this is a delightful book.

—Through an excellent and inexpensive reprint (Lane) the 'Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe' are once more rendered accessible. This work, which holds a high place in the biographical literature of the Stuart era, is specially serviceable as helping to correct a vulgar error. Because the Cavaliers of the pre-Regicide period were gay and to a certain extent dissipated, it is still thought by many that the strife between them and the Roundheads was a contest between irreligion and religion. Such an idea, as a sweeping generalization, is ill-grounded. Nowadays few people read Sir Robert Filmer's 'Patriarcha,' but the arguments there advanced in support of absolute monarchy are strictly Biblical, and the serious-minded cavalier who fell at Edgehill deemed that he was giving up his life no less for the faith than for the crown. Lady Fanshawe in her youth was a very sprightly person who, before her marriage, was among the gayest of the gay when the King kept court at Oxford. Yet even then her mirth was not of the kind which brings repentance, while, under the influence of her husband, she gained dignity and seriousness without losing her original verve. The most famous passage in the 'Memoirs,' the account of her parting with the King, is instinct with that kind of piety which was as native to the Cavaliers as the watchwords of Puritanism were to the Roundheads. "He stroked me on the cheek and said, 'Child, if God pleaseth, it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am.' . . . Thus did we part from that glorious sun, that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God." The hero of these 'Memoirs,' however, is not Charles I., but the writer's husband, Sir Richard Fanshawe. Composed for the edification of her son, Lady Fanshawe's pages recite, though with tact and good taste, the virtues of his father. Fanshawe, who was an excellent scholar and a thoroughly honorable man, returned to England at the Restoration in the King's immediate train, and was soon rewarded with the post of ambassador at Madrid. Toward his memory his wife is able to maintain an attitude of true devotion without falling into what has been styled the "door-mat" posture of adoration. The standard of comparison which one naturally thinks of in this case is set by Mrs. Hutchinson's volume on the virtues of her husband; but, as Beatrice Marshall points out in an introduction to this reprint, "the Royalist Ambassador's wife is incomparably more sparkling and anecdotic than the Puritan Colonel's." Speaking broadly and with reference to sheer historical value, Mrs. Hutchinson must, we think, be placed before Lady Fanshawe; but, considered intrinsically, the present volume is a record of very considerable value.

—Dr. George Bryce's 'Mackenzie, Selkirk, Simpson,' in the "Makers of Canada" series (Toronto: Morang), is occupied with the commercial rivalry which made the Northwest of Canada a battleground between two great companies. The volume includes, it is true, an account of Mackenzie's travels and the subsequent explorations of Simpson, but the main motive is furnished by that bitter struggle for trade between the Hudson Bay Company and the Montreal merchants who ventured to enter the field against them, under the name of the Northwest Company. Lord Selkirk's experiments in colonization were affected by this rivalry no less than the routine traffic in beaver skins, and though his attempts to establish a Scottish settlement in the valley of the Red River is a self-contained episode, it fits in well with Dr. Bryce's narrative of the great commercial war. Selkirk, for example, antagonized the members of the Northwest Company, was assailed by them in lawsuits and sentenced at their instance to pay con-

[illegible]

tragic than the efforts of this Scottish peer to relieve distress by enabling the more wretched of his countrymen to make homes for themselves upon the virgin soil of the prairie. One important paper, as yet unpublished, Dr. Bryce has procured in the memorial that Selkirk addressed in 1802 to Lord Pelham, then Home Secretary. That is to say, nearly ten years before his first emigration project was matured, he had made up his mind regarding the objective point. "At the western extremity of Canada, upon the waters which fall into Lake Winnipeg, and, uniting with the great river of Port Nelson, discharge themselves into Hudson Bay, is a country which the Indian traders represent as fertile, and of a climate far more temperate than the shores of the Atlantic under the same parallel, and not more severe than that of Germany and Poland. Here, therefore, the colonists may, with a moderate exertion of industry, be certain of a comfortable subsistence, and they may also raise some valuable objects of exportation." This passage contains, perhaps, the earliest forecast of agricultural resources in Western Canada to be exploited on a large scale for the indigent classes of Great Britain. Dr. Bryce, who is one of the first authorities on the annals of the Canadian Northwest, gives us here an interesting sketch of Mackenzie and Simpson, but his account of Selkirk is, we think, the most striking thing in the present volume.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH, AND OTHER NOVELS.

The House of Mirth. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jules of the Great Heart. By Lawrence Mott. The Century Co.

The Deep Sea's Toll. By James B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Professor's Legacy. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. Henry Holt & Co.

The Toll of the Bush. By William Satchell. Macmillan.

The Mountain of Fears. By Henry Rowland. A. S. Barnes & Co.

At least two serious and authoritative writers have expressed a view of Mirth in memorable words. The Preacher, whose wisdom is enshrined in the Book of Ecclesiastes, was a man of moods; in a dreary moment he turned a gloomy eye on Mirth, and described her house as the house of fools. Milton, a less impetuous poet than the Preacher, and, we are inclined to think, a man of greater discernment, of more sedate habits, gazed genially at Mirth, hailing her as a "Goddess fair and free," begging her to "admit him of her crew." In great literature, therefore, the character of Mirth and of the habitués of her house remains undetermined, and (for most of us) to consider any subject that has been inconclusively discussed in great literature is to dwell forever in the shadow of doubt. Mrs. Wharton, who is a serious writer and is already hailed in some quarters as an authoritative one, appears to have escaped the blight of indecision. Perhaps, while meditating Mirth, she overlooked Milton, and could therefore the more easily, with a clear conscience and earnest conviction, [illegible] herself beside the Preacher. At all events she has written a long book in support of his dictum, a tale of American society, which assures us that the Preacher was a prophet, and that a bitter epigram may incorporate literal truth.

In order to do justice to Mrs. Wharton's book, a disposition to challenge her attitude towards her subject should be repressed. Having made up her mind, she seldom wavers or falters. Her weak moments are few. She is "thorough." The main prop of her argument is perspicaciously chosen. A woman, young, beautiful, and poor, whose only object in life is to make a great match (as American slang appropriately has it, "to marry rich"), is a pillar of strength for the purpose of delineating a society that has neither mind, morals, nor manners—a destitute society rolling in money. Many novelists have described the social career of this ill-fated young person, generally representing her as a victim of circumstance, herself possessing intrinsic virtues which either conquer superficial and accidental atiributes or at least make a good enough showing to engage the reader's sympathy. Not in this lenient fashion has Mrs. Wharton seen and judged Miss Lily Bart. The image most constantly and consistently before her, most vividly presented, is not that of a naturally good girl, of an essentially nice girl, hurt, hardened, degraded by contact with a wicked world, but that of a girl born at the wicked world's level, who, failing to get a firm footing therein, is driven by bitter and repeated disappointment to take her leave by the agency of an over-dose of choral. Miss Bart never willingly faces life beyond the precincts of the House of Mirth, but outstays her welcome there, resorting to ignominious shifts, pocketing rather deadly insults, until she is pushed out of doors and down, step by step, to the common highway.

Occasionally Mrs. Wharton's clear, severe vision wavers. She intimates that her Lily

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Bart is superior to her world, that she chafes in chains, and has intermittent attacks of soft and even sanctifying emotions. Mrs. Wharton is weakest when she is merciful. Miss Bart does, seem to throw up her game at a critical moment and to let coveted prizes slip through her fingers; but such misfortunes strike us as unforeseen results of her folly or of an unexpected checkmate. There is no evidence of instinctive recoil from an intention recognized as ignoble. Even her final rejection of the monstrous conditions on fulfilment of which Mr. Rosedale has expressed a willingness to marry her, fails to establish any moral worth.

Blackmail is a resort of the infamous. A decent girl, one not necessarily clever or kind or well-bred, would have sent Mrs. Dorset's compromising letters back to her as soon as they fell into her hands. It is by the temptations that Miss Bart permitted to visit her that her character finally fails to commend itself for sympathetic judgment or compassion. "Dingy" is her favorite appellation for those who do not live in splendor on their own or other people's incomes. She had a mortal horror of dinginess, external dinginess, but lived and moved delightedly among souls of a dinginess incomparable, beyond furbishing. The poor girl's inward eye was a feeble organ not susceptible of cultivation.

A hasty mental comparison between Miss Bart and famous heroines of society fiction, both English and French, suggests many points of resemblance, though in one respect she stands alone in dreary isolation. She has not a particle of genuine, fundamental, good human feeling, and has very little bad. Her assumed tender emotion for the cautious, not to say canny, Mr. Selden (a cold prig), never convinces any one, not even him. She cherishes no affectionate sentiments towards the mother who did her poor best for her, the aunt who supported her, the rich women who dressed her, or the poor friend who adored her. In no society could such a being exist except in that where the dismal and (to the reader) often tedious drama of her life goes on. The denizens of her 'House of Mirth' are revolting. They eat and drink, expensively and often, but are never merry. They never think, and their talk is as the crackling of thorns. They break the seventh commandment without the excuse of passion, apparently playing with adultery and divorce (as they seem to play bridge for high stakes and drive motor-cars) in order to assert privilege, to earn the absurd epithet, "smart." They have no ideas, no intellectual interests, neither wit nor humor nor tact nor grace.

If this is American society, the American House of Mirth, it is utterly unsuitable for conversion into literature. Literature demands all that such society has not—ideas, intellectual interests, sentiment, passion, humor, wit, tact, and grace; it can get along perfectly well without money, which is the only desire or possession of such society, its only claim for recognition even by the newspapers. A feeling for fair play obliges us to protest Mrs. Wharton's picture as a prejudiced one, yet it is not consciously unveracious. Though depressing, it is not wholly unprofitable. A perusal of Miss Bart's melancholy history will hardly incite those who are in society to pause and examine themselves, but it may cause those who are outside the ring to praise God for that he has been pleased to make them "dingy."

'Jules of the Great Heart' is a story of the life of trappers in the Hudson Bay region in early days. The hero is a "free" trapper—a poacher, that is to say, on the recognized hunting-ground of the Hudson Bay Company. He set few traps of his own and lived by stealing from the traps of the Company. This was, of course, enough to make him an outlaw with a price on his head, but Jules throve and easily outwitted the Indian trappers of the Company. What proved the greatness of his heart was the fact that he was always ready to help a man in distress, and he gradually won over the friendship of nearly all the trappers who had vowed to take his head back to the trading-post. The sentimental character of certain of the episodes would make Jules a suitable figure in Sunday-school literature if it were not for his irreconcilable enmity with the Indian Tritou, whom he kills in a manner that leaves no doubt of the savage disposition beneath. The book offers interesting reading for boys, and even older readers may enjoy the vivid descriptions of the hard life of the trapper in those wildernesses of snow where the bodies of the trapped furry animals are quickly frozen stiff, and a man's life often depends on his skill in making himself the right kind of snow shelter for the night.

Since Mr. Kipling's 'Captains Courageous,' the New England fishing fleets have been promoted to a high place in the fiction of seafaring. This is no more than their due in these days when the field of the romance of sailing-ships is necessarily limited, and the novelist is driven to make the engine-room the centre of interest in typhoons. The storm-swept deck of a trawler off Georges Shoals on a bad night, or the north-east bar of Sable Island, the Graveyard of the Atlantic, will furnish all the old sensations, and there are few adventures more perilous than being lost in a dory in a snowstorm, a hundred miles from the coast. Mr. Connolly, in 'The Deep Sea's Toll,' continues the series of stories of deep-sea fishing begun in 'Out of Gloucester.' They are admirably drawn pictures of the hardest life a man can choose. The constant facing of death as part of the day's work begets characters of the most simplified type, and, whatever may be the reaction on shore, there is no such school of heroism and unselfishness as the Atlantic trawler. It is to be hoped that some English writer of short stories will be inspired by Mr. Connolly's success to describe the no less interesting existence of the English North Sea fishermen, where the conditions are, however, somewhat different; the absences from home on the Dogger are longer, and, since the fish are collected from the trawlers by a steamer, and the fleet is less scattered, there is more coöperation and, in the absence of Russian battleships, less danger.

In 'The Professor's Legacy,' Mrs. Sidgwick has revived a situation that had a great vogue in the eighties. In England it was the theme of 'Agatha's Husband,' a novel which, in the familiar old yellow cover of those days, thrilled every English reader of sentimental fiction. The German version of a similar plot was 'The Second Wife,' and perhaps the most successful variation of all was Ohnet's 'Ironmaster.' The young wife, who confides to her husband, within a few hours of their wedding, that she loves another, or that she is, at any rate, indifferent to himself, regularly, in this type of fiction, fares better than she deserves. Her statement is always received with becoming dignity, and a week has seldom elapsed before she finds that her husband is the real hero of her dreams. After this there is very slight variation in the course of the plot. The repentant wife is treated with the greatest consideration in all externals by her husband, whose complete skepticism as to the state of her affections the lady novelist depicts as almost brutal. His coldness naturally precipitates the crisis, the wife's declaration. It is at last discovered that, under that exterior of icy politeness, is disguised an ardor that matches her own. We have observed that the bridegroom in the early stages is never so thoroughly disillusioned by his bride's declaration of independence as to be permanently cured of his own passion. Yet that state of things would lead to a far more complicated and interesting and perhaps more probable situation. The scene of Mrs. Sidgwick's novel is partly Germany, where her heroine is brought up, partly the north of England, where her husband brings her to live. The scenes of English life are well done, and the tale as a whole is quite as entertaining as any one of the earlier romances of the same type.

William Satchell's 'The Toll of the Bush' is a New Zealand story full of life and swing. The title is derived from the native superstition thus stated in chapter x.: "Every bushman knows the toll of blood demanded by the virgin forest. It is fixed and inexorable." This is an appropriate term for the tragic if slightly theatrical denouements whereby the treacherous bridegroom breaks his neck on his wedding day. There are two courses of true love pursued by the two brothers Hernshaw, and the smoothness of both is obstructed. Robert, the younger one, has only to overcome his bride's scruples at the idea of saddling him with her drunken father and a mother who has thrown moral conventions to the winds. In the end the mother is perfectly happy in her unlawful home, and the drunken father dies saving his own children from a fire he has himself kindled. In contrast to this rather startling picture of poetic justice, Robert and his young wife are the best drawn characters in the book. We ought, perhaps, to except the delightful "Bush Oracle," a woodman's wife, whose maxims are so shrewd and quaint that we forget their often unnaturally fine English. The other love story, of Geoffrey Hernshaw and Eve Milward, has too many of the customary complications to be altogether convincing. There is the successful rival, criminally unscrupulous for all his holy orders; there is the unfounded suspicion which Geoffrey is too proud to refute and Eve too jealous to ignore; finally, there is the exonerating letter discovered too late, and the revulsion of feeling which drives the newly married bride out into the Bush, to be found and sheltered by her true lover. Yet even these incidents are so well told as to keep us in pleasing uncertainty to the very end, and there is about the whole book a freshness and a flavor of the wilds that gives it a most welcome individuality.

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In 'The Mountain of Fears' we have some of the most unpleasant short stories it was ever the fate of an author to invent. As they deal with strange and exotic regions such as Papua, the Orinoco, Borneo, Curaçao, Sulu, the South Sea Islands, Hayti, and the Malay peninsula, the ordinary reader cannot be a judge of their verisimilitude; but, if the writer is to be trusted, man in those spots "where every prospect pleases" must be "vile" indeed. Drinking, murder, abduction, fraud, brutality, cowardice—such are the contents of the book. There is no denying that, in spite of some exaggeration and tall talk, the stories are exceedingly well told, but why tell them? Or, to quote the query of the hero, Dr. Leyden, whose adventures as a collector form the connecting thread of the volume, why must the writer rake the lockers of his recollection for the morbid and anomalous? There is, however, just one story, "Rosenthal, the Jew," which shines out as a bright spot; its characters are not wholly detestable, it has humor and real pathos, and arouses our breathless interest. Perhaps in his next volume Mr. Rowland may employ his undeniable gifts on something more of the same kind.

PICTURE BOOKS.

The two latest issues of the Newnes Art Library (Scribners) are devoted to Filippino Lippi and to the early work of Titian. They have the value of other volumes of the series in giving a larger number of reproductions of the works of the artists dealt with than are readily to be found elsewhere, and the quality of the reproductions is improving; but they are much less useful than they might be made if the works were ranged as nearly as possible in chronological order, or if all ascertainable facts as to date and place of execution were given in a note to each picture. The text of the volume on Filippino, by P. G. Konody, is a more serious performance than most of the contributors to this series have offered us.

The same publishers add to their series of books of "Drawings of the Masters" a volume of the drawings of J. M. Swan, one of the most vigorous of British artists and one of the best painters of animals anywhere. Not but what Mr. Swan paints the figure also, but the few figure studies here given, while far better than those of Mr. Poynter lately published in the same series, are scarcely first-rate. It is in his studies of animals, particularly of the great cats, that the artist is quite at the head of living practitioners, and has scarcely been surpassed even by Barye. The quality of the reproductions is quite wonderful, giving the very look of the materials employed, even to the shine of black lead pencil, as well as more important things; and, in the absence of the originals, the possession of this volume will be a delight to the real art-lover.

The importers of this volume are the publishers of a book of drawings by a master of a very different kind—a master whose drawings, hitherto, have been an end in themselves, not a means to the production of other works of art. We are informed that Mr. Gibson's tenth book, 'Our Neighbors,' is to be his last; and while it is impossible not to sympathize with the ambition of the brilliant illustrator to become a painter, we feel that the immediate result of that ambition must be our loss, whatever may be the ultimate gain. A much wider public than the American will miss what has heretofore been the greatest attraction of more than one of our foremost periodicals. He leaves us quite at his best, and his humor has never been keener or his technical ability more astonishing than in the present collection.

It is perhaps unjust to Mr. E. V. Lucas to rank his book, 'A Wanderer in Holland' (Macmillan), among the picture books, for the text has an interest of its own; its pleasant mingling of personal narrative with compilation from various sources providing considerable mild entertainment. Still, it is doubtful if the twenty illustrations in color by Herbert Marshall and the thirty-four reproductions from paintings by the Dutch masters must not be considered the real *raison d'être* of the publication. Mr. Marshall's drawings, if in no wise great, are yet distinctly clever, and succeed in conveying some idea of the picturesqueness and the abiding charm of Holland; while the Dutch masters, though the examples selected are not always of the first importance, are always welcome. Mr. Lucas makes no pretension to connoisseurship, but his untechnical remarks on pictures are nearly always interesting, and, to one reader at least, prove the most attractive part of his writing.

No apology is necessary for rating Gustave Geffroy's 'The National Gallery' (Frederick Warne & Co.) as a picture book, for one cannot imagine the text, not incompetent but quite perfunctory, existing without the illustrations. The National Gallery, which Sir Walter Armstrong calls, in his introduction, "on the whole the completest collection of pictures in the world," is so rich in masterpieces that the book, with any text or none, would be supremely welcome if only the plates were well executed. Unfortunately, many of the photogravures are but mediocre, and most of the process cuts are wretched, so that what should have been a feast of art is little more than an aid to memory. It is a pity that a fine scheme should have been so mangled in the execution, a fine opportunity so misused.

Miss Singleton's 'Great Portraits as Seen and Described by Great Writers' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) hardly answers to the title. Some of the portraits figured are great, some are good, and some are neither the one nor the other; while such authors as Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Carl Justi, Woltmann, and others, whatever their value as critics or historians of art, have slight claim to be called great writers. On the whole, the compilation has little to recommend it, and some of its faults are inexcusable; the worst of these being the appearance of entirely different works under the titles and appended to the descriptions of Hals's "Maria Voogt" and Raphaels's "Maddalena Doni."

There are very few pictures in the last of our picture-books, but then there is so little of anything else! Under the title of 'Womanhood in Art' (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.), plates of the Venus of Milo, Dagonet's Eve, Mona Lisa, Beatrice Cenci, the Madonna of the Chair and the Sistine Madonna are printed in a thin volume and tied together by some pages of gushing sentiment by Phebe Estelle Spalding, for the benefit of what public it is difficult to imagine.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

In his new book, 'The Champions of the Round Table' (Charles Scribner's Sons), Howard Pyle continues the work begun two years ago in his 'Story of King Arthur and his Knights.' It is evident that this writer brings to his task wide knowledge and great enthusiasm; we could wish that he did not in large measure spoil the good effects of both by diffuseness, affectation of style, and prosy sermonizings. The volume deals with Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram, whose stories we may, in spite of many interpolations, trace more or less distinctly to books vi., viii., ix., and x., of the 'Morte d'Arthur'; the book of Sir Percival is not drawn from Malory, whether in his book xiv. or elsewhere. The names of the heroes are well known to all, but, as Mr. Pyle practically ignores the Guinevere affair, omits the marriage of Sir Tristram with the second Isoud (La Blanche Mains), and tells us nothing about the Quest of the Sangreal, we find few of the familiar landmarks to help us on a somewhat weary course through 329 pages. The illustrations, even, do not cheer our way, being stiff and black imitations of fifteenth-century woodcuts. It must, however, be remembered that children do not mind long narratives, and do like constant fighting; so for their sakes Mr. Pyle may be congratulated on having produced a *ne plus ultra* in both directions.

Mr. F. Jameson Rowbotham has given us, in his 'Tales from Plutarch' (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), a pleasant glimpse into the famous Parallel Lives. It is true that he omits the parallelism, and that his four stories, Theseus, Romulus, Fabius, and Alcibiades, are Nos. 1, 2, 10, and 11, so that the two last appear without their corresponding mates. But it is to be hoped that this pretty little volume is only the prelude to a more comprehensive series. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the illustrations will add to the pleasure of any reader however young, and it is certain that the moralizing, especially obtrusive in the mythological stories, might be omitted to very good purpose. Again, an excision of such inaccurate or peculiar expressions as "who laid in wait," "Straits of Peloponnesus," "lithesome," "valiancy," "you have reason, my son," "Delphes" and "Cannes" for Delphi and Cannæ, would be very advantageous, as also a closer adherence to the text. Thus, Plutarch says that the Athenians sent Minos their living tribute every nine years, but Mr. Rowbotham prefers to make it every year. In the original, Theseus merely protects the new laws, while in this version he retains the power of framing them. In one place the word Tribune is used as a generic term for any magistrate, and in another a farmer of the taxes is confused with an ordinary farmer. Again, the title of the third story, "Hannibal's Schoolmaster," shows an unfortunate misconception of the jest contained in the word Pædagogus as applied to Fabius and his cautious attendance on Hannibal's every movement. Such instances might be multiplied, but it would be an ungracious task. In spite of its defects, this little book is a

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welcome addition to the children's library of classics.

'Adventures in Pondland,' by Frank Stevens (McClurg & Co.), is a minute but generally entertaining study of the plant and animal life of a little fresh-water pond or pool. Two children, whom the fairy of the pond made free of her realm under the water, paid frequent visits thither from March till September, and watched the development and interaction of many forms of life—frogs, toads, dragon-flies, newts, water-spiders, May-flies, and a multitude of other creatures—that lived in the cool green forests of water-weeds at the bottom or among the rank tangles on the margin, or skimmed the surface in their gay but brief term of aerial life. The book ought to give young readers new interest in humble orders of life, and some idea of nature's adaptation of means to end.

'The Family on Wheels,' adapted from the French by J. MacDonald Oxley (Crowell & Co.), is an odd and attractive story of four orphan children, who, with a sagacious trick elephant, an intelligent old horse, and a clever poodle, travel from one French village to another in a showman's van, and, before rustic spectators, earn a poor living by the mountebank's trade inherited from their father. The children are modest, brave, and self-reliant through many hardships, and the three animals, which play an important part in the story, are well worth knowing.

The story of a Spanish child, daughter of an impoverished nobleman who cast his lot with Columbus in the first voyage to the New World, comes to us in 'Lady Dear,' by Millicent E. Mann (McClurg & Co.). Little Juanita falls into the hands of a wicked kinsman, who covets the ancient castle where poverty had forced her father to leave her unguarded in his absence. A faithful nurse, a devoted and adroit jester, a secret stairway, and a perilous journey to the court of Isabella, who proves herself generous and just, are features that suggest the outline of the story. The writer has succeeded better than many others who undertake work of this romantic type in making her heroine, if not lifelike, at least conceivable and winning.

'The Menehunes: Their Adventures with the Fisherman and How They Built the Canoe,' by Emily Foster Day (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.), introduces us to the tiny wood-people of Hawaiian folk-lore who plant and tend the trees, ferns, and shrubs. "The ancient folk-lore of the islands is full of tales of their wonderful works; and if any one wants more proof—why, there is the great water-course of Kauai, cut through the solid rock—no man knows by whom else." The little book is attractively illustrated by Spencer Wright.

Katherine Chandler has gathered from many sources a collection of interesting little stories from folklore of the Pacific Coast. It is called 'In the Reign of Coyote' (Ginn & Co.), because for many of the tales the coyote is the *deus ex machina*. "How the Animals Secured Fire," "Why the Snakes Change their Skins," "Why the Coyote is so Cunning," are titles that suggest the character of the book. A little Spanish brother and sister and three Indian raconteurs bind the legends together with a pretty thread of story.

'Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood' (Harpers) is a series of twenty-nine delightful full-page drawings, by F. Y. Cory, set to appropriate rhymes by Burges Johnson—a felicitous combination for both young and old. The twelve that delineate trials of a first baby are the best part of the book.

'The Adventures of Tommy Post-Office,' by Gabrielle E. Jackson (McClurg & Co.), tells the story of the pet cat of the Hartford (Conn.) post-office—a real cat, the writer says, that is now flourishing to a green old age among the mailbags, ready to be interviewed,

"To witness if I lie."

The story is a record of moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes, but it also has its seasons of serenity and even of romance. It is brightly told, and will interest children, and their elders who like cats.

This is the centennial year, not only of Schiller and Trafalgar and Mazzini and Garrison, but of Hans Christian Andersen; hence a "centenary edition" of the genial Dane's 'The Ugly Duckling' (New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.). It is a small quarto in boards, printed on a sort of buff paper, with the added distinction of illustrations by M. H. Squire, four colored plates and some pen-drawings; the last of these the best. Any child will like this book.

The more decorative and fanciful the pen-drawings of Willard Bonte in Mr. Clifton Johnson's collection of favorite fairy tales, 'The Oak-Tree Fairy Book' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), the more successful they are, and generally on the small scale rather than on the large. Such a tail-piece as that at page 33 is a good example. The favorite tales are a rather individual assortment, handsomely printed in clear type.

Even more elegant in this respect is the edition of 'Æsop's Fables' to which Miss Cary furnishes an introduction, for adults (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Here the accompanying designs are by J. M. Condé, both in color and in black and white. All the animals are dressed up, and on the whole we find the spirit of the artist too burlesque, especially for an edition in which the moral is carefully preserved and printed in boldface type.

McLoughlin Bros. send us 'Wee Pieces for Wee Speakers' at home and school entertainments, and a grave fault is that it has no table or index. All the contents is in verse, and is a medley. Coleridge's Christmas Carol has been so docked as to be incoherent.

The Upton sisters pursue their absurd creation with 'The Golliwogg's Fox-Hunt,' in which the antics of the wooden dollies and their attendant blackmore are as amusing as ever, and the verse as smooth (Longmans).

In 'Occupations for Little Fingers' (Scribners), Elizabeth Sage and Anna M. Cooley have given a plain answer to the question of grade teachers, mothers, and settlement workers, What can we give the children to *do*? This little manual illustrates and describes simple forms of handwork; including cord and raffia-work, coarse sewing, paper-cutting and folding, clay modelling, furniture and upholstery for a doll's house, and crocheting and knitting. The writers are teachers, who have worked out with their classes the things of which they write. Their models are simple and useful articles that will interest the child and give his work practical connection with the world about him. They also make valuable suggestions about materials, including a chapter on "How to Use Nature's Materials," and they give with each lesson the necessary cost.

The Confessions of Lord Byron. Compiled by W. A. Lewis Bettany. London: John Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The above suggestive title may disappoint persons interested in ancient scandals, if any such persons still exist. Mr. Bettany's book is more correctly described in the sub-title as a collection of Byron's "private opinions of men and of matters," and contains few references to incidents and relations of his private life which, in his own day and long after, excited as much public interest and criticism as did his poetry. The compilation of letters and extracts from journals is made from the elaborate Murray edition, only recently completed, an edition that includes over a hundred letters not previously printed. Mr. Bettany has not followed the chronological order of the Murray edition, but has arranged his matter under headings—"Byron's Reflections on Himself," "Religious Views," "Opinions of the Literary Life, of Friends, Contemporary Poets," etc. The advantage of his method lies in the facility offered for reference, but it presents the matter with a formality which detracts somewhat from the energy and spontaneity of opinions and reflections flung out haphazard to the poet's intimate correspondents. It is a very deterring and unsatisfactory method for a reader who wishes to observe the growth of Byron's mind, or to form a substantial estimate of his character from his own careless, casual, voluminous revelations to his sister, his friends, his solicitor, and especially to his long-suffering publisher, John Murray. Mr. Bettany's selections are, however, judicious, and, in spite of frequent detachment from illuminating context, do the writer no injustice.

Byron had a fine, an inexhaustible store of grievances against the world at large, particularly against his own English world; and one most bitterly felt was a popular tendency to identify him with his poetry—that is, to construct out of 'Childe Harold,' 'Cain,' 'Manfred,' 'Don Juan,' a monster, hight Byron, whose existence was a menace to the homes and Constitution of England. Poetry, he frequently protested, is an expression of exalted passion; a man cannot live from hour to hour in a state of exalted passion. Perhaps not; nevertheless, an inference from Byron's letters is that he almost could. They confirm many of the hints of character derivable from the poems, but at the same time demolish the monster of Early Victorian legend. Byron the poet was a supreme incarnation of the Romantic ideals of his period, born to concentrate in immortal verse the great emotions then agitating mankind. Therefore, however vulnerable to criticism in detail, his rank as a great poet, a world poet, is unassailable. The poetry declares a man of strong, disordered passions, of aggressive intellectual independence, vain, extravagant, profligate, witty, insolent, with all good qualities enhanced, and even gross defects transmuted into something fine and inspiring, by the constant presence in him of the will to be free, and

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of an irrepressible ardor to goad the slave to rise up and claim his birthright. His letters declare the same man at relaxed tension, dropped to the prose level. He seldom treats his correspondents to imagery or verbal decoration, but quotes classical and English literature very freely, not always correctly. Mr. Bettany has been enough interested in his author's easy command of literary allusion to count the quotations from Shakspere, and give most of a long preface to discussing Byron's indebtedness to Dr. Johnson. His argument strikes us as a little strained, and we feel that Dr. Johnson could have made a memorable comment on his conclusion that "the leading man of letters of the eighteenth century and the leading man of letters of the early years of the nineteenth century are never found in such dire antagonism as precludes their meeting one another on a common platform of love of humanity and love of truth."

In his estimate of Byron, Mr. Bettany perhaps insists too much on the "taint of the histrionic spirit." He says that this histrionic spirit is the natural birthright of a man of aristocratic race and temper—a theory that prompts speculation and would bear elucidation. He also thinks that it provoked Byron to make "Italy the centre of his stage, and to let the lime-light play quite impartially on all his qualities, good, bad, and indifferent." Excitable people, plebeian as well as aristocratic, often appear histrionic; and if Byron had desired to dwell in the glare of the lime-light he would surely have stayed at home. Several more probable reasons for his self-imposed exile easily suggest themselves. To possess the Romantic spirit is equivalent to possessing a poignant distaste for the conditions to which one is born, and a burning contempt for the thing that is. The true Romantic has always been a vagabond and a dissenter. Aristocratic England has never, on the whole, been dissatisfied with itself, critical of its conditions, eager to breathe a rarer ether. Byron simply stifled in the England of his day. From his boyhood he kicked against the pricks. He wanted the remote, the ideal, the fabled blue flower, the moon. And if more prosaic reasons should be required to relieve him from the imputation of prolonged, rather vulgar insincerity, is it not enough to say that he was poor and loved splendor—a taste that could be gratified more cheaply in Italy than in England; that he delighted in political revolutions, conspiracies, and even casual street fights, for all of which Southern Europe afforded more opportunities than did the British Isles; and that, finally, after his separation from his wife, he really could not live in the same kingdom with his mother-in-law, and hope to retain his sanity?

The Reconstruction of Religious Belief. By W. H. Mallock. Harper & Brothers. 1905.

For the last four hundred years there has been a continuous series of attempts to adjust religious belief to the discoveries of science in astronomy, geology, ethnology, and biology. The defenders of the current orthodoxy (largely clergymen) have usually begun by denying the conclusions of science; later, forced to accept them, they have undertaken to bring them into harmony with religion, commonly by some modification of theological dogma. There are exceptions, but this has been the rule. In one respect Mr. Mallock differs from most of his predecessors in the task of reconstruction: instead of denying or trying to minimize scientific results, he accepts them all fully and unreservedly, giving attention mainly, however, to the most recent discoveries in physics, chemistry, and biology. There is no essential difference, he holds, between living organisms and what is commonly called dead matter—all matter is alive. Mental activity is part of the universe, having its seat in the thought-organs of the brain, which associate and combine the impressions prepared by the sense-organs, and every act of man is conditioned by preceding events that reach back in a causal chain to the remotest conceivable aspect of the universe. Having thus frankly stated his position, he is free to express his contempt for those champions of theology who, in his opinion, misunderstand or dodge the questions at issue, and particularly for the method of arguing which, but that it is practised in good faith, he would call "theological card-sharping"—that is, the demonstration of some obviously true proposition, and then the adroit substitution, in its place, of the proposition to be proved, examples of which procedure he adduces from Romanes and Lloyd Morgan (pp. 208 ff.) For himself, boldly accepting and adopting all that science has proved, he undertakes to show that science in part forces on us the acceptance of the fundamentals of religion, in part offers no obstacles to the acceptance of them. These fundamentals he makes God, freedom, immortality—other elements of orthodox dogma he rejects as untenable or ignores as unessential. He argues not for any one system of religion, but simply for religion.

Mr. Mallock offers nothing really new in his argument, but it derives a novel coloring from its relation to recent scientific views, and piquancy from his wit and humor. To summon Spencer (his representative of agnosticism) and Haeckel (his representative of atheism) as witnesses for religion, this is to turn the tables to some purpose. But his reasoning is serious and impressive, if not always convincing. After pointing out the value of belief as a factor in human conduct, he goes on to insist on the part played in higher civilization by the belief in human freedom, a conscious Deity, and human immortality. It is true, as he says, that belief in these things has been a concomitant of civilization. Obviously, however, this means merely that up to the present time such belief has been found to be the best working theory of life; we cannot be sure that this theory will hold in the future—the *semper ubique et ab omnibus* represents but a fragment of human experience, and is not a final argument. To say that the recognition of the supreme Principle as good "results in what by all is recognized as human development" (p. 232), is to confound cause and concomitant. As soon as society became organized, the necessities of life led men to enter into friendly relations with the higher Powers; this kindly, quasi-constitutional form of divine government (like the similar form in human political government) is not the cause of human progress, but one of its elements.

Two points Mr. Mallock brings out forcibly. He cites scientific authority for the proposition that all that is, is implicit in all that was, that the universe, as a connected whole, must always have contained in itself every one of its evolved products, not only molecules, but also instincts, aptitudes, combinations, and arrangements. The inclination or emotion that leads one atom of oxygen to unite with two of hydrogen to form one molecule of water, and the inclination that leads the brain to form thoughts—these two are essentially one, and must have existed in the original structure of the universe. And so, he adds, Spencer's primeval homogeneity of matter is, from the point of view of science, impossible; matter must always have been highly differentiated, and must always have contained life, with its elements of thought and emotion. He concludes that, for such a universe, instinct from the beginning with all that is highest in man, the only explanation is a theistic one.

As to the crucial points of human freedom and divine goodness, Mr. Mallock frankly abandons all attempts at explanation, and falls back on the fact that there is no difficulty in religious belief that does not exist in all other belief. Our conceptions of space, time, the constitution of matter, motion, consciousness, all involve insoluble contradictions—they are logically unthinkable, yet men accept and act on them. These belong to ordinary, every-day life. In the higher life the ideas of goodness and freedom as constituent parts of the universe, equally unthinkable, are equally necessary. As to whether they have their source in a conscious and good divine being, some conclusion must be arrived at, for mere negation, the utterance of despair, is fatal to life. Science, Mr. Mallock holds, forces on us the conviction that man's conscious, moral nature, with its freedom and purposive character, belongs to the essence of the universe. Religion is thus firmly established in the nature of things, but, to retain its ascendancy, it must accept all the ideals of knowledge, culture, mundane progress, and enjoyment which hitherto it has barely tolerated.

Mr. Mallock may be said to show that there is nothing in the recent results of physical science (he does not deal seriously with philosophy) that forbids religious belief, and much that accords with and leads to it—that religion, in a word, if not absolutely demonstrable, is, from the point of view of physical science, not irrational. The book is brightly written and the thought is throughout interesting. The proof-reading leaves something to be desired.

Greatness in Literature, and Other Papers. By William P. Trent. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1905.

This volume contains, besides the titular essay, seven papers on related subjects: "A Word for the Smaller Authors and for Popular Judgment," "The Aims and Methods of Literary Study," "Criticism and Faith," "Literature and Science," "Teaching Literature," "Some Remarks on Modern Book-Burning," and "The Love of

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Poetry." All of these are papers or addresses rather than essays, for though Professor Trent is a very clear and fluent writer, there is a certain lack of savor, of closeness of grain, in his style. His fluency is a little the fluency of the journalist who throws in a stock word rather than run the risk of clogging his vein in the search for the right one. Thus, in an attempt at a heightened passage about the purity and charm of the sixth book of the Odyssey, Mr. Trent allows himself to write "pristine purity," "paradisaical charm"; but the hacneyed adjective and the ambitious one alike are off the key. This is a slight matter, but the case is typical of the quality that makes Mr. Trent's writing stop just short of distinction.

Nevertheless, this collection of papers is uncommonly readable; it is full of a thorough love of the best in literature; it is marked by a considerable shrewdness of judgment in matters whereupon it is both easy and popular to go astray into the emotional; and it is guided by a native bias toward the best academic authority, which, if not of the profoundest doctrinal grounding, yet finds lucid, sincere, coherent expression. There is, too, a good deal of piquancy in Mr. Trent's humor, as, for example, where he remarks with feeling that "it is not easy to teach the delights of poetry to superior young persons who, with the wide knowledge of human life derived from afternoon teas or the football field, think of one as merely a harmless old fool."

To the professional mind, at least, the most interesting and provocative of Mr. Trent's papers is that on "The Question of Greatness in Literature," in which he adventures that most delightful occupation of the human understanding, and draws up a scheme for a graded hierarchy of literary masters. The grouping is as follows:

Class One: "The Universal Geniuses": Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Shakspere, Milton, Cervantes, Goethe, Molière, and, possibly, Scott, Hugo, Balzac.

Class Two: "The Very Great Writers": Such poets as Pindar, Lucretius, Petrarch, Tasso and Ariosto, Chaucer and Spenser, Schiller and Heine; such prose writers as Rabelais and Montaigne, Swift and Gibbon.

Class Three: "Great Writers": Such writers as Catullus and Horace, Leopardi, Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Byron, Shelley, and Browning.

There is material here to occupy all the critics of the earth in joyous debate until they are outdinned, whether by the sounding lyre of a new "universal" poet, or by the thunder of the trumpets of the night. We can do no more than quote Mr. Trent's five suggestive tests for the detection of a universal genius in case any one should have need of them. In the first place, the art, the technique, of the universal genius is "always high and uniform." In the second place, "the genius of none of these supreme writers seems *cramped*: their power is sovereign and sustained; their range is either universal or very lofty." In the third place, "each of these supreme masters has achieved a long, sustained masterpiece, or a number of masterpieces." In the fourth place, "the world writer, as his name implies, has conquered the civilized world. Whether he is read or not, his name is widely known, and his place is yielded him ungrudgingly." In the fifth place, the fame of the universal genius endures.

Wolfe and Montcalm. By the late Abbé Casgrain. Toronto: Morang.

This contribution to "The Makers of Canada" series has at length been published. To close students of Canadian history it presents nothing new since its author's views regarding such leading actors in the campaign of 1759 as Wolfe and Montcalm, Vaudreuil and Lévis, Bougainville and Bourlamaque were set forth during his lifetime in numerous volumes and essays. But those who have not devoted special attention to Canadian affairs may be surprised to find that the most voluminous French Canadian writer of recent years deems Lévis to have been a greater general than Montcalm.

"Montcalm and Lévis had in common," says the Abbé Casgrain, "great military qualities, unflinching bravery and a consummate knowledge and experience of the art of war; the latter had the better judgment, more broad-mindedness, greater coolness, and even superior intrepidity in action. It was Wolfe's good fortune not to meet Lévis on the Plains of Abraham; otherwise, while the engagement at Montmorency was only a temporary check to his plans, that of September 13 might have meant to him only disaster and ruin."

Since he was writing a volume in the popular series, the Abbé Casgrain may have felt absolved from the duty of waging warfare against the most determined of his opponents in the historical field, M. Kerallain. He simply affirms, although the balance of opinion at present makes against this view, that Bougainville was completely outwitted by Wolfe, and through culpable negligence made his general lose the decisive battle.

At what date the Abbé Casgrain completed his manuscript we are not told, but the publishers, in issuing the book, have thought it necessary to furnish a special introduction dealing with the more debatable points, and also a set of notes wherein matters growing out of recent literature are discussed. "We are assured," runs the introduction, "that the readers of this book will find their interest in the narrative deepened by very reason of the strength of the author's convictions, and it is in order that these strong convictions may not give the book an undue tincture of prejudice that we have thought it proper to embody in the introduction views that are not infrequently at variance with those which the Abbé Casgrain has so ably expressed." There follows a review of evidence on the various points at issue between Casgrain and Doughty, and it should be possible for the discriminating reader to see where the Abbé went rather farther in defending his favorite positions than he ought to have gone. At the same time we must acquit him of having, in this his latest volume, been blinded by patriotic prepossessions to the faults of Vaudreuil. In our opinion, it is true, the Governor of New France receives less condemnation than his action deserved. However, Casgrain was showing considerable candour when he wrote: "His character was feeble, and he was irresolute, unenlightened, jealous of his authority, and was taken advantage of by a corrupt *entourage* which he was incapable of dominating." These words could not have been written without a certain pang, and in closing our notice of Casgrain's final work we would think of him as one who strove to secure from Laval University a recognition of Parkman's eminence, and as a widely read historian who has done something to adjust the perspective by placing in high relief the cause and ideals of New France.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Ebenezer, and Henry Shaw. The Descendants of Polly and Ebenezer Alden. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.
Aldin, Cecil. A Gay Dog. Dutton, $1.50.
Autrim, Minna Thomas. Knocks: Witty, Wise, and ———. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Bevan, Arthur H. Fishes I Have Known. A. Wessels Co. $1.25.
Bourne, Henry E. A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe. Longmans. $1.50.
Bunyan's Life and Death of Mr. Badman, and The Holy War. Edited by John Brown. Cambridge English Classics. Macmillan Co.
Cesaresco, Evelyn Martinengo. The Madonna of the Scales. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Chamberlain, Charles J. Methods in Plant Histology. The University of Chicago Press: $1.25 net.
Changed Cross, The, and Other Religious Poems. (Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Chatterton, A. L. The Strange Story of the Quillmores. Stitt Publishing Co.
Daudet's L'Arlésienne. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Denby, Charles. China and her People. 2 vols. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Deutsche Reden. Edited by Rudolf Tombo. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 90 cents.
Farce of Master Pierre Patelin, The. Translated by Richard Holbrook. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00 net.
Filippino Lippi. (Newnes's Art Library.) Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.
Geffroy, Gustave. The National Gallery. Frederick Warne & Co. $10 net.
Grinnell, William Morton. Social Theories and Social Facts. Putnams. $1 net.
Hasse, Ernst. Das Deutsche Reich als Nationalstaat. Munich: J. F. Lehmann.
Hirst, Francis W. Monopolies, Trusts, and Kartells. London: Methuen & Co.
Isham, Samuel. The History of American Painting. Macmillan Co.
Julian, Charles. The Last of the Stuarts. Denver: The Reinert Publishing Co.
Kelly, R. Talbot. Burma: Painted and Described. Macmillan Co. $6.
Knowles, Frederic Lawrence. On Life's Stairway. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.
Latrobe, Benjamin Henry. The Journal of Latrobe. Appleton. $3.50 net.
Lever, Charles. Charles O'Malley: The Irish Dragoon.—The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer. Macmillan Co. $1.25 each.
Lodge, Oliver. Easy Mathematics. Macmillan Co. $1.10.
Lodge, Oliver. Life and Matter. Putnams. $1 net.
Lucas, E. V. The Friendly Town. London: Methuen & Co.
Madan, A. C. Swahile Grammar. Henry Frowde.
Marlowe, Christopher. The Plays and Poems of. (Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
McVickar, Henry W. Reptiles. Appleton. $1.50.
Meakin, Budgett. Model Factories and Villages. A. Wessels Co. $1.00.
Mercier, Charles. Criminal Responsibility. Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d.
Minogue, Anna C. Cardome. P. F. Collier & Son. $1.10.
Negri, Gaetano. Julian the Apostate. Translated by the Duchess Litta-Visconti-Arese. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners, $5 net.
Platonis Opera. Vol. 4. Henry Frowde.
Prevost, E. W. A Supplement to the Glossary of the Dialect of Cumberland. Henry Frowde.
Pullen-Burry, B. Ethiopia in Exile. A. Wessels Co. $1.50.
Putnam, James Jackson. A Memoir of Dr. James Jackson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Rawson, Susanna Haswell. Charlotte Temple. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.25.
Reid, Forest. The Garden God. London: David Nutt.
Reid, Sir Wemyss. Memoirs of. Edited by Stuart J. Reid. Cassell & Co.
Sainte-Beuve. C. A. Portraits of the Eighteenth Century. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. 2 vols. Putnams. $5 net.
Schiaparelli, G. Astronomy in the Old Testament. Henry Frowde.
Sheldon, Anna R. Pistoja. Brentano's.
Shuckburgh, E. S. Augustus: The Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire. New ed. A. Wessels Co. $1.50 net.
Soltau, George. Four Portraits of the Lord Jesus Christ. Charles C. Cook.
Thackeray's Henry Esmond. Introduction by Austin Dobson. Macmillan Co. $2.
That Reminds Me. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.
Titian, The Early Work of. (Newnes's Art Library.) Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.
War in the Far East, The. Dutton. $5 net.
Wildman, Murray Shipley. Money Inflation in the United States. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Williams, C. F. Abdy. The Story of Organ Music. Imported by Scribners, $1.25 net.
Wilson, Calvin Dill. Making the Most of Ourselves. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Wolff, Julius. The Wild Huntsman. Translated by Ralph Davidson. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Wright, Joseph. The English Dialect Grammar. Henry Frowde.

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